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"LIBERTY, H[illegible]INESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Sermons.

No xxi.

1 Corinthians xi. 28.—Let a man examine himself; and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup.

Once more, my friends, you see before you the elements of the communion. Once more you hear the voice of Jesus proclaim: 'Take, eat in remembrance of me; take, drink ye all in remembrance of me.'

Shall I see you then, shall I see you this morning, all come to the holy enjoyment? rich and poor, learned and unlearned, youthful and aged? Would to God I might enjoy that satisfaction! But many of you, it may be, feel unprepared. You are timid, trembling, irresolute. You consider yourselves unworthy of privileges so immense. You fear that the judgement for partaking unworthily would fall upon you; and you are waiting until you become less undeserving.

Is this a correct statement? That you are modest and humble, if modest and humble you are, I rejoice; that you are unworthy of favors so immeasurable, I allow; that you wish to become more and more deserving, I cannot disapprove; and that you avoid the punishment for partaking unworthily, I recommend with my whole soul. But do you know the meaning of that expression? Examine yourselves; examine the circumstances of the Corinthians; ascertain whether you are in danger of committing their crimes, and of incurring their punishment. It may be, that you are not exposed to their temptations.

1. What purpose did Christ mean to promote, allow me to ask in the first place, when he enjoined upon his followers the sacrament of the supper? I answer without hesitation, christian improvement, resemblance of himself—his own heavenly disposition and blameless behavior. It was for failing to accomplish these objects, that Paul expressed his disapprobation of the church at Corinth. You come not together for the better, he observes, but for the worse;—not to refine and elevate your characters by a religious observance, but to debase and brutalize them by sensuality. You pervert the design of this sacred institution: you do not enjoy it as a band of brothers, but you separate yourselves into small companies, parties, or divisions. When you thus assemble, and thus partake, you cannot be considered as eating the *Lord's Supper*; or, as the original imports, the *Lord's-day Supper*. You make it a common meal, or convivial repast. You do not partake, together, but anticipate one another. By consequence, one is hungry, and another is satisfied. What! have you not houses to eat and to drink in? Do the richer individuals of your number bring provisions, transform the communion into an entertainment, and eat it by themselves, distinct from your whole number? Do you not in this manner despise the church of God? Do you not discover contempt toward the christian community? Do you first change this religious memorial into a riotous banquet, and then exclude and shame the poor, who have nothing to contribute?

2. In this manner, secondly, the apostle reproved those disorderly communicants of Corinth; and to discover to them the extreme impropriety and perversion of their conduct, he proceeds to describe the exact mode of celebrating this ordinance, as revealed to him by Jesus himself. Observe the admirable simplicity of this form of celebration: I received from the Lord the same information, he writes, which I delivered to you on your becoming christians.

That the Lord Jesus, the same night on which he was betrayed, took bread; and when he had given thanks, he broke it, and said: 'Take, eat. this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me.' After the same manner, also, when he had supped, he took the cup, saying: 'This cup is the new covenant in my blood: this do ye, as often as ye drink it, as often as you receive this sacramental cup, in remembrance of me.' This form of the communion service, which our Lord revealed to the apostle, you perceive, is substantially the same as that recorded in the histories of his life.

After presenting this lucid description of the ordinance, Paul goes on to inform the Corinthians, what duty they must consider themselves as performing in its celebration. This he does with the utmost clearness and precision. You are not eating a common meal; you are not indulging in the riot and revelry of a Corinthian festival. By no means: you engage in a religious solemnity. For as often as you eat this sacramental bread, and drink this sacramental cup, you show forth the Lord's death till he come: you commemmorate that stupendous event: you make a declaration of it to the world; you refresh your minds, you warm your hearts, you confirm your christian principles and hopes, by this affectionate memorial of your dying redeemer. The apostle then inquires: These being the purposes, which this religious observance was designed to accomplish, what will be the consequence of perverting it to the indulgence of appetite and sensual gratification? The consequence will be of this nature: Whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, with views so unsuitable and unworthy, will be guilty of profaning the elements,—the symbols of the body and blood of the Lord.

3. Here, my friends, in the third place, if I understand your feeling, here lies the origin of your apprehension: you are not apprehensive of incurring the guilt of the gluttonous and intemperate, the riotous and disorderly Corinthians. The customs of our age and country, and the feeling of solemnity everywhere connected with the sacrament, are a preservative from such presumptuous transgression. No: this is not your fear: but you are afraid, that you are not sufficiently impressed by christian truths and duties, by christian hopes and promises, *to be christians*. You fear that your motives for coming to the communion would be insincere; and that the sin of *unworthy partaking* would be greater than your present sin, for a sin it most assuredly is, of disregarding the command. My Hearers, do not misunderstand me. If you are not sincere believers in Christ; if you do not resolve to conform your life to his gospel; if you are sensible of such insincerity, as would bring you to the table, not for the better, but for the worse; I cannot recommend your coming. No: presume not to come with such feelings and views. I would enjoin upon you, however, what Paul enjoined upon the Corinthians: Examine yourselves; and whenever you find, that your desires to come are desires to improve, that you are sincerely disposed to partake in the manner Christ commanded; So eat of that bread, and so drink of that cup. Your master and examplar is far from wishing to draw you into an occasion of committing sin. Far—very far from your heart, be so unjust a suspicion! When he proclaims, 'This do in remembrance of me!' The wish for your temporal peace, your growth in grace, your eternal well-being, is glowing in his bosom. Then examine your motives; ascertain whether you are *sincerely disposed* to conform; whether you long to be true christians, and to attain to their inheritance in the heavens, incorruptible, undefiled, unfading; and if you find, that such motives do influence your conduct, you are in no danger of perverting the sacrament to any unholy or unchristian purpose; you are by no means in danger of eating and drinking, so as to bring punishment or judgement upon you. You will make a distinction between an ordinary meal and the memorial elements. You will be in no danger, like some of the Corinthian church, of bringing upon you by riotous excesses, weakness, sickliness, or death. You will judge yourselves, and by consequence you will not be judged.

Such commands as the following, be careful to remember, are not applicable to the circumstances of the present age: when you come together to eat the Lord's supper, wait one for another. You have no opportunity, and I trust no disposition, to separate into proud divisions, sectarian parties, or exclusive companies. The demands of hunger, the cravings of appetite, you satisfy at home, and in the communion of Christ you participate together,—with affectionate remembrance, with cheerful devotion, with the warmest wishes and resolutions more and more to resemble your perfect pattern.

My friends of this Religious Society! I trust there is a considerable number of serious-minded persons among you; persons who have long desired and yet feared to enjoy the privileges of christians,—the holy gratifications of the present morning. O that my trust may prove no delusion! My developement of this passage I have made with much care, and for *you*—for your light, comfort, and encouragement. A misapprehension of its import, as you well know, has for more than a thousand years been a source of inquietude, distress and terror to multitudes, of the human race. But you perceive from this examination, I trust, that its prime and prevailing reference is to the church of Corinth,—to their communicating in a manner, that depraved instead of improving them,—to their collecting in clusters of rich communicants, feasting to excess, excluding and grieving the poor, and annihilating the very object of the ordinance. The punishment that fell upon the criminal, may have been a judgement for their profaning the institution; or it may have been the natural consequences of such disorderly indulgence. This abuse, you perceive, is incompatible with the present circumstances of the christian church; and I hope you give glory to God for his goodness.

4. Who then, in the fourth and last place, who may worthily partake of the Lord's supper? Such is the question, that comes home to *you*; and I do not hesitate to make answer,—All Christians, all cordial believers, all faithful followers of Christ. The apostle is very clear and explicit: Let a man examine himself; let him ascertain his disposition and motive; and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup. Make a distinction between this religious memorial and that nourishment, to which you are daily accustomed. Examine yourselves, and in a manner resembling this: Do you believe in him, who is commissioned the sole conductor to salvation? Are you willing to receive him as your only instructer? Are you willing that he should take you by the hand, as an elder brother takes a younger, and lead you into his kingdom? Examine yourselves on these points.—You again assemble here, in this temple of divine worship, without scruple. You do not tremble lest a judgment come upon your unworthiness. Why then do you tremble at the communion? Again: you pray to your Father in heaven, the awful Majesty of the Universe. Doubtless your service is very imperfect, though I hope it is sincere. You do not shudder with foreboding and horror, lest some fearful punishment descend upon you, here or at home, for your imperfect performance of this duty. Why then do you shudder at the sacrament? Both requisitions are of the same awful import; but, oh my friends! never cease to remember, that the duties, all the duties of christians, are no more, than God makes them able to perform. He knows your frame, and remembers that you are dust. Believe me, as I have observed already, the Savior would never have required the observance of any rite that was peculiarly formed to prove your snare or condemnation. O no, my friends! he would woo you to his baptism; he would welcome you to his communion; and for this reason: He knows the divine aid, the spiritual efficacy, the heavenly confidence, elevation, vigor, and support which these privileges are designed and fitted to communicate. My friends, let me intreat you to examine yourselves, to examine the motives that influence you,—the secret purposes of your souls; whether you mean to receive, or whether you mean to reject, the grace, mercy, and peace of your Savior. Consider this fact,—how incomparably more criminal it is to disregard his commands, than to perform them with human weakness and human imperfection. Shall I, then, impress this recommendation, that you determine, if providence should spare you so long, to commence the coming month as freemen of Christ, glorying in the name, glorying in the communion of a master so divine? This day, this night, this month, examine yourselves; repair to the Fountain of light for direction; ask wisdom of God, who gives to all men liberally, and upbraids them not. Be influenced by what you know to be duty. Be guided by the illumination of God's word and spirit. So receive christian baptism; so eat of that bread; and so drink of that cup.

Finally. My christian brethren and sisters! does it become those to examine themselves, who as yet have not entered the redeemer's kingdom? much more is it incumbent upon you, who have enjoyed the opportunity of making advancement in that kingdom. Remember the church of Corinth, their corrupt practices, and the consequent judgements that came upon them: these are a warning to all christian churches. Their degeneracy was the less remarkable, however, from two circumstances: they inhabited one of the most profligate cities of Greece; and they were but just reclaimed from heathenism and idolatry. But all christians are liable to degenerate. Their own evil propensities, as well as the depravities of the community, show the need of continual watchfulness and prayer. By no other means can you assure yourselves of salvation. Christianity was given to smooth your passage, and to accompany you to heaven, but not to waft you as on wings without your own exertion.

The text and the passage with which it is connected, discover the necessity of self-examination, sobriety, seriousness in public worship, with cheerful confidence, sublime composure, and delightful awe in the enjoyment of christian ordinances. Come, therefore, with prepared minds; for if you come, being at peace with your Maker, your fellow-men, and your own conscience, you are prepared to experience much of the divine presence; you are prepared to realize the promise of your Savior,—Where two or three are assembled in my name, there am I in the midst of them. Glory be to God for the gift of his presence! Many times, I trust, we have felt that presence during the months that are gone,—in devotion, in reflecting upon his mysterious attributes, in perusing his volume of revealed truth, under his immense dome of heaven, by night and by day, and especially here amid these his courts of salvation.—Glory be to God for the gift of his son! *His* presence I trust we have likewise felt: in all that appertains to Christian privilege on earth, to Christian assurance in death, and immortality in the world to come, I trust we have more than felt,—we have enjoyed his presence. Here, in this holy communion of his, he in a peculiar manner makes himself known. Our sympathy becomes more and more heartfelt and perfect. We become more and more transformed into his image. Remembering that hour of agony, when he was exceeding sorrowful unto death: remembering his hour of apprehension, when his disciples all forsook him and fled; remembering the hour, when he was arraigned before Pilate, condemned, crowned with thorns, marked, and buffeted, and spit upon; when led to Calvary as a sheep to the slaughter, and as a lamb dumb before its shearer, he opened not his mouth; when his tender limbs were fastened to the cross,—that tree of death; when he cried in the human pang of desertion—'my God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?' O *then* we feel that he loved us more than a brother; that his affection was stronger than death itself; and we have the blessed confidence, that if we examine our hearts, and purify them as his heart is pure, he will never desert us in time or eternity. Oh, no: he promises to be with us *always*; in this delightful intimacy on earth, and in that nobler communion in the mansions of his Father's house. Blessed Lord! we feel unworthy of this infinite privilege. When we examine ourselves, we mourn our imperfect resemblance to thine image. But we long for thy purifying presence; we long to meet thee in the fulness of faith, hope, and love. Oh come then, this morning, breathe thy spirit into our souls; grant us that mysterious union with thee, which the world can neither give nor take away. More and more impart that heavenly persuasion, immoveable as the eternal mountains, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other causes shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Warm in our hearts be this holy love; welcome be the privilege of this hour, as the light of immortal life; and oh! most tender be the remembrance of our dying Redeemer.

SPEAK TO THAT YOUNG MAN.

You may save him from the jaws of a monster more to be feared than sword, pestilence, or famine. He has just commenced taking the social glass. Those dissolute young men with whom you see him, have lately tempted him and decoyed him to the haunts of dissipation and revelry. Already his virtuous principles have been shaken—his correct habits checked, and the fine feelings of his heart blunted. This young man is the pride of his parents, and the child of many prayers. They have often begged the blessing of God to rest upon their son; but they reside in a distant town; they cannot watch over him, and warn him of his danger. Will you warn him? How their hearts will bleed when they hear of his downfall! But he may be recovered. His conscience is yet tender. If you would save a soul from death, speak to him. Let no time be lost.

Speak to that young man, whom you just saw leave that haunt of the unprincipled and vicious. He has just lost at the gaming table, the last shilling of ten dollars, which he took in the morning from his master's counter. He is in the broad road to death. His steps already take hold upon destruction. He is the only son of his mother, and she is a widow. She has entreated him with all the eloquence of a mother's deep love, to forsake his ruinous course. She has wept over him till her heart is broken. But he remains incorrigible. Will you speak to him? God may give effect to your counsel; then the blessing of those ready to perish will rest upon you

Speak to that young man, whom you saw weeping in the sanctuary of God, during divine service. He knows that you are professedly a Christian, and he expects it of you. The spirit of God has reached his heart. He feels himself to be a wretch undone. His conscience is burdened with its guilt, while in his inmost soul he cries, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' Speak to him, Christian.—Show him the way to the Savior. Do you not remember the gall and the wormwood, when you were in his situation? How you mourned because Christians passed coldly by you, and heeded not your sorrows! Speak to him kindly and affectionately. Tell him about the love of the blessed Redeemer, and his soul will melt within him. Then bid him look by faith and live.

Speak to that young man. He has been laughing and jeering in the house of God. He will give you an insolent answer, but nevertheless, speak to him. His courage is of the foolhardy stamp. He thinks more about religion, and heaven and hell, than he would have you believe. At this very moment, while he makes a mock of serious things, and pours contempt on the followers of Christ, there is a worm gnawing at his heart. His levity is feigned. Speak to him, Christian. If he heed your counsel, you will save a soul from death. If he gets angry with you and abuses you, you will have an opportunity, by your meekness, gentleness, and forbearance, to exhibit the excellence of the religion you profess. Let not the blessed opportunity be lost. Say not that he knows not how to appreciate such treatment. The first time he is alone, and all is still about him, he will reflect upon his abuse and ill will; he will remember too the meekness with which you bore his incivility, and the thought will break his heart. Speak to him, Christian, in the name of the Lord.

Speak to that young man. Does not your blood chill when he takes the name of God in vain, and blasphemes his Maker? O, the forbearance of the Almighty! O, the indulgence of the Eternal Jehovah! Could this swearer have a discovery of the enormity of his crimes, and of the power and glory of the Omnipotent, he would exclaim with the dying Altamont,—'Hell itself is a refuge, if it hide me from his frown.' Venture to speak to him, Christian. 'A word fitly spoken, is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.' Had his many prayers been answered, his undying soul, long before this, would have been sent to the dark caverns of eternal despair. It is true, he has been frequently admonished. So have many others, who hate at last listened and repented. Be not weary in well doing, for in due season you shall reap, if you faint not. God, in his wise providence, may have left it in reserve for you, as an instrument, to recover that wretched young man. Speak to him, Christian, and may power from on high accompany your warning. —*Zion's Herald.*

THE UNION OF GOOD MEN IN HEAVEN.

If the mere conception of the re-union of good men in a future state, infused a momentary rapture in the mind of Tully; if an airy speculation, for there is reason to fear it had little hold on his convictions, could inspire him with such delight, what may we be expected to feel, who are assured of such an event by the true sayings of God? How should we rejoice in the prospect, the certainty rather, of spending a blissful eternity with those whom we loved on earth, of seeing them emerge from the ruins of the tomb, and the deeper ruins of the fall, not only uninjured, but refined and perfected 'with every tear wiped away from their eyes,' standing before the throne of God and the Lamb, 'in white robes, and palms in their hands, crying with a loud voice, salvation to God that sitting upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever.' What delight will it afford to renew the sweet counsel we have taken together, to recount the toils of combat and the labor of the way, and to approach not the house—but the throne of God in company, in order to join the symphonies of heavenly voices, and lose ourselves amidst the splendor and fruitions of the beatific vision.

To that state all the pious on earth are tending, and if there is a law from whose operations none are exempt, which irresistibly consigns their bodies to darkness and to dust, there is another not less certain or less powerful, which conducts their spirits to the abodes of bliss, to the bosom of their Father and their God. The wheels of nature are not made to roll backward, every thing presses on towards eternity; from the birth of time an impetuous current has set in, which bears all the sons of men to an interminable ocean. Meanwhile heaven is attracting to itself, whatever is congenial to its nature, is enriching itself by the spoils of earth and collecting within its capacious bosom whatever is pure, permanent and divine, leaving nothing for the last fire to consume—but the objects and slaves of concupiscence; while every thing which grace has prepared and beautified, shall be gathered and selected from the ruins of the world, to adorn that eternal city 'which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God doth enlighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.' R. Hall.

Liberality worth the name.—The members of the Presbyterian church in Philadelphia, of which Rev. Albert Barnes is pastor, have pledged themselves to support forty young men in their studies preparatory for the Christian ministry. This is beginnig to act on a scale of magnificent liberality. It is coming up towards the mark to which the whole church of Christ must come, before the standard of the cross can be planted upon every hill and valley in pagan lands.—*Christian Witness.*

HORRORS OF OPIUM EATING.

Rev. Walter Colton describes in the Knickerbocker, in the following powerful manner, the effect of opium-eating:—

'I shortly relapsed into a disturbed slumber, in which it appeared to me that I retained my consciousness entire, while visions passed before me which no language can convey, and no symbols of happiness or terror represent. At one time I was soaring on the pinions of an angel, among the splendors of the highest heaven, beholding at a glance the beauty of their unveiled mysteries, and listening to harps and choral symphonies, over which time, sorrow, and death have no power; and then my presumption was checked, my cleaving wings, like the waxen plumes of Icarus, were melted away, and I fell down, till caught in the bosom of a thunder cloud, from which I was again hurled, linked to its fiercest bolt, upon the plunging verge of a cataract, that carried me down, frantic with horror, into the lowest depth of its howling gulf.

'Thence again I emerged, with the placidity and power of Neptune over his troubled realm, and driving my watery team over the excited bosom of the ocean, harmonized its elements into the deep bass it sustained in the bursting anthem of the infant world. And then, with the fleetness of a disembodied spirit, I seemed to float around just between the incumbent circle of the blue heaven and the sea, discerning within and upon the surging plain the motion of innumerable ships, skimming the wave with the lightness of the swallow, while without the circle I beheld far down in the twilight and lurid gloom of an immeasurable gulf, the wrecks of worn-out worlds.

'Still I floated on upon the frightful verge of of the circle, till coming around near the north pole, I saw its steadfast star fixed in the darkened change of death; other planets were bending over it; and when they had sung its funeral hymn, they lowered it into a grave so dark, so fathomless and still, that the agonies and convulsions of expiring nature could not disturb its sepulchral sleep. While thinking of the dismayed mariner, rolling his eyes in vain to find his undeviating star, an iceberg with its mountain mass of frozen torrents, came rolling on, and catching me in one of its dripping shelves, bore me through seas lashed by the hurricane, convulsed with the war of the whale and sword fish, and where the serpent, struck by lightning, lay troughed between two waves, like a huge pine prostrate among the hills.

'Being benumbed and paralyzed by the stiffening ice, I fell from my tumbling lodgment, and descending through the sea, was carried by the wave of a submarine current quite within a little grotto, reared of coral, and lined with pearls, where a mermaid was gently kindling a fire, beneath whose reviving ray I soon felt each frozen vein and limb slowly tingling back to life—when, as if to reclaim my bewildered thoughts, and soothe their delirious excitement, this daughter of the deep, raising her harp, struck one of those soft strains whose liquid flow melts into the heart like fragrant dew into the bosom of the folding rose.

'But scarce had the last note of this sweet minstrel died away into the listening stillness of peace, when a call, loud as the summoning trump of the archangel, sent its rending thunder through the hollow caverns of the astounded ocean, and the rent tomb of the shaking earth, starting even death itself in his sleep. The sheeted dead went up from their watery graves to stand on sea, while the earth, from precipice to plain, from shore to mountain's brow, was covered with the shrouded myriads that had left their couches of clay.

'The sun, with a changed, despairing aspect, disappeared, leaving a huge, darkened chasm in the heavens; the moon spun round and round, and slowly receded from view, leaving another fearful blank in the blue vault; the planets fell from their places, and were quenched as they sunk into the lifeless void beneath; and darkness in a thick, palpable mass filled all space, save where forked lightning, arrested in its course, still preserved its terrific form and brightness, and save the lingering light of some loftier star that contended with its doom. The courses and powers of nature were suspended still and motionless; the mariner heard his relaxed sails fall against the idle mast; the breaker ceased to lift its warning voice over the fatal reef; while the sea-bird, unable again to reach the wave, rested upon his immoveable pinions; the curling wave lay half broken on the shore; the torrent ceased to plunge from its way-worn steep; the war-horse kneeled down and died; the monarch in his capital, discrowned, stood pale and speechless; the peasant in his field called aloud on his forgotten God; while the imploring shriek of nations went up like the last wail of a ruined world!

> The agony is o'er: nature her debt
> Has paid; the earth is covered with a clay
> That once was animate, and even yet
> Is warm with an existence reft away
> By Him who gave; it were but yesterday
> This clay peopled a happy universe
> With beings buoyant, beautiful, and gay;
> But now, alas—of all things the reverse,
> Earth is their winding sheet, and darkness palls the hearse!

'These lines were engraven on my heart at the time by the departing spirit of my dream; and I awoke, after having been lost to all the realities of this world for two days and nights. But O! the faintness, the thirst, and delirious weakness of that waking moment! I look back to it as a man who has been skating over the frozen bosom of a lake turns to the yawning chasm which he has miraculously escaped! I could not stand or sit; and even in a most inclined posture, respiration itself seemed an effort beyond the gasping exhaustion of my frame. I should have turned on my pillow and died, but for the kindly efforts of one whom I can never love too much, or remember too long. Let no one test like me, the dreaming ecstacies and terror of opium; it is only scaling the battlements of heaven, to sink into the burning tombs of hell!'

THE HEAVENLY TEMPLE.

I find a beautiful description of the heavenly state in the statement of St John, that he saw no temple there. It tells me there is no keeping of the earthly Sabbaths, for all its days alike are holiness to the Lord; and telling me this it also tells me, that if once admitted within the gates of pearl, and privileged to tread the streets of gold, I shall be free from every remainder of corruption; I shall no longer need external ordinances to remind me of my allegiance, and strengthen me for conflict; but that, made equal to the angels, I shall love God without wavering, and serve God without weariness. It tells me that eternity is one unbroken Sabbath; and one unbroken Sabbath it could not be to me, if I were not endowed with the noblest powers, immeasurably removed from all that hath intercourse with sin, and circled by scenery and mingling with companions, and presenting no impress but that which burns and breathes of Deity. It could not be that every day and every moment throughout unnumbered ages should be one of that perfect dedication to our Maker, which is faintly imagined by the holiest services of the earthly Sabbath, if it were not that I should be imperishable and spiritual, myself a temple, immortality, oneness with the Savior. Therefore, however a human pencil, striving to delineate the heavenly Jerusalem, might have intermingled sanctuaries and palaces, and crowned the city with that diadem of towers which tells of dwelling places, reared for Him whom the universe cannot contain: there is more, far more to me in the total want of sacred architecture, than the rich profusion of dome and steeple, with which man would have crested the heavenly metropolis. And though poetry, if bidden to pour its melodies on the home of the saints, might have drawn its imagery from what is most celestial on earth, and have spoken of the *courts* of the Lord's house, and the *tabernacles* crowned with the mystic insignia of a present Deity—nothing could have been so eloquent to me of the deep tranquillities and purities of heaven, and nothing could have so told me of one uniform, cloudless, blessed Sabbath, as the simple announcement of St John, 'And I saw no temple there.' —*Melville.*

'DO THEY SEE GOD THERE?'

[In prosecuting their labors among the heathen of the East, one of the greatest difficulties which the missionaries have to encounter, is a belief among the wretched idolaters with whom they labor, that they worship a God whom they cannot see. Hence their fondness for stone and wooden images; gods which the can see and feel, and keep in their dwellings.

We copy both of the following anecdotes from the *Baptist Missionary Magazine* for July. The first occurs in the journal of Mr Mason, who is among the Karens, and the second in that of Mr Shuck, who was at Singapore, at the date of his journal. They both illustrate the point mentioned, respecting gods which can be seen.]—*Ed. Zion's Herald.*

May 24. 1836.—I could not refrain from laughing, after I lay down last night, to hear the stories our people were relating of what Ko Chot'thing saw in America. 'There,' they said, 'the people have wisdom in their bellies, and they so manage the fire and the water, that thread spins itself, and cloth weaves itself. There they have flying ships that can either fly above in the air, or come down and swim in the sea. You know we have seen the fire ships. The people do not use torches and candles, as we do, but light up the wind, which burns of itself' At this juncture, a man very honestly inquired, 'Do they see God there?' and the negative reply paralyzed the animation that previous prevailed. The man seemed to think that if they could not see God, the other wonders were of little moment.

May 22, 1836.—Last night I went to the house of a high 'caste' Hindoo, who speaks, reads and writes English very well, and has been attending to several small matters of business for me. When I first entered I seated myself on a box in an outer apartment. In a few minutes, however, he politely invited me to come into another room to see his god. I immediately arose and went, and he pointed me to an uncouth drawing of the wretched Juggernaut, in a lying down posture. I at once told him that my God is the omnipotent yet invisible Being who made and governs the universe, and pointing to the idol, remarked, that it was degrading to any man of sense, to bow to such a motionless and ugly-looking object. I distinctly asked him if he worshipped it. He said he did; whereupon I placed my cane up by the side of it, and told him if my salvation depended upon worshipping one of the two, I should certainly prefer the cane, as it was far superior to his god, in power, utility and neatness. He seemed not at all concerned at my thus treating his deity with indignation. In defending his religion, he used the arguments to which missionaries have so frequently referred, that he followed the track of his fathers; that he could not worship any thing which he could not see; and finally, that although different nations worshipped in different ways, yet their religions were essentially the same, whether Christian, Pagan, or Mahomedan. After reading and commenting upon a few passages which condemned idolatry, from a splendidly bound English Bible, which he handed me, I withdrew while he was explaining my remarks in his vernacular tongue to a number of his countrymen, who had gathered around.

On Pleasing God in the Closet.—Whenever we feel a want of relish for secret prayer, or a reluctance to engage in it, we ought to ask ourselves at once, How should we like that God should become reluctant to hear our prayers, or the intercessor to grow weary of presenting them before the throne? And if this question does not bring us to our senses at once, and thus send us willingly to our closet, we ought to follow it up by asking, What should we think—feel—do—were the Father to shut his ear on

our prayers, the Son to exclude them from the golden censer of his incense, and the Spirit to withhold all his help in future? The bare idea is horrible? And were such a dread reality possible in our own case, how we should pray to be allowed to resume and continue the habit and spirit of secret prayer! How we should agonize in terror and suspense, until we felt again the Holy Spirit helping our infirmities, and pouring out on us the the grace of supplication.—*Chistian Library.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Newport, Oct. 4th, 1837.

Mr Editor,—I send you a copy of a translation, made by a Boston gentleman lately travelling in Italy, of the Pope's triple Benediction as pronounced from the Balcony of St. Peter's. The modesty and piety of such a production from the mouth of a Pope will interest all of your readers and may surprise some.

'May the holy Apostles, Peter and Paul, by whose power and authority we act, intercede for us with the Lord, amen!

'Through the prayers and merits of the blessed Virgin Mary, of the blessed Michael, the Archangel, of the blessed John the Baptist and of the holy apostles Peter and Paul, and of all the saints, may almighty God have mercy upon you, and,—all your sins pardoned—may Jesus Christ lead you into eternal life, amen!

'May the indulgence, absolution and remission of all your sins—a space for true and effectual repentance—a heart always penitent—amendment of spirit and amendment of life—the grace and consolation of the Holy Ghost, and final perseverance in good works be granted to you by the almighty and all-merciful Lord—amen.

'And may the blessing of God almighty, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, descend upon you, and rest on you forever—amen?'

This is certainly very humble language. There is more of the spirit of the fifth chapter of Peter's first Epistle in this Benediction than in most of the performances of the Popes.

DELIGHT IN GOD,

Is a sweet frame of soul, whereby the real Christian finds all his afflictions to be lightened, all his comforts to be sweetened, all his sins to be embittered, and all his duties easy and delightful. It is the marrow of all his sacrifices, while those that want it, offer nothing unto God, save goodly words, which are only the outward part of the calves of the lips, resembling the hair and skin. It is the commandment, in keeping of which he finds its own reward.

His mind is habitually filled with holy thoughts of God, whether he sits in the house, or walks in the field. He remembers him on his bed, and meditates on him in the night watches, and rejoices under the shadow of his wings. In those solitary moments, when the vile person meditates villainy, and his heart will work iniquity, when the sensual sinner makes provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof, when the miser betakes himself to his gold, and the ambitious to their schemes of honor, he naturally retires unto his God, and converses with those things above, where Christ sitteth at his right hand. And these thoughts arise in his heart as naturally as the fruit-bearing tree putteth forth her blossoms, or the fountain sendeth forth her waters. Religious duties are his element; and he rejoices when it was said to him, 'Go up to the house of the Lord.' Not that he may catch the applause of men, not that he may only comply with his convictions, and stop the clamors of his conscience, not that he may, in some instance, gratify his curiosity, and feed a ticklish fancy, but that he may go to God as his exceeding joy, and see his power and glory in the sanctuary. Though the preacher of the word should charm his ear with the delicate cadency of his voice, and his eye with all the graces of motion, if he hear not the voice of God, he is frustrated of his most valuable end. Instead of being like him of Edom, detained before the Lord, or saying, with the unholy Israelites, *when will the Sabbath be over?* he binds his sacrifice to the horns of the altar, with no other cords than those of love, and counts the Sabbath a delight. As the spirit of the living creatures was in thy wheels, Ezekiel, so is his heart in duties.

His worldly comforts he grasps not with too close an embrace, like those foolish animals, who hug their young to death; but mainly rejoicing in God, not putting them in his room, he finds them strong and lively.

He cannot perish in his sorest affliction, because God's law is his delight. Though the fig-tree shall not blossom, and the fields shall yield no meat, he has a never-failing refuge to betake himself unto. He rejoices in the Lord, and is glad in the God of his salvation. In the multitude of his thoughts within him, thy comforts, O Lord, delight his soul.

But O, how sin is embittered, when he tastes those ravishing pleasures that are at God's right hand! In what a contemptible light he regards the transient sips of joy, for which the children of sensuality forego their everlasting interests, when, like Adam, they sell a paradise for an apple! For one morsel of meat they renounce a birth-right, as Esau, or taste, with Jonathan, but a little honey, and for it they must die. His pleasures, not being of the sensual kind, fill not his cheeks with blushing; nor is heaviness the end of his mirth. He eats not only the food of angels, but the bread of God. The lines are fallen to him in pleasant places, and he has a goodly heritage. The greater an epicure, he is so much the more temperate. His pleasures neither darken his understanding, nor stupify his conscience, nor take away his heart. It is his alone to find honey without stings, and roses void of thorns. Take to yourselves, he says, your paradise of fools, and your impure delights; serve your divers lusts and pleasures, all ye that are in the flesh, but 'I delight to do thy will, O God; thy law is in the midst of my heart.' Away with the weeping food of Egypt, the onions and the garlic. Welcome! thou heavenly manna! Hail, ye everlasting joys, which do not resemble the cracking of thorns under a pot; but that cheerful light of the sun, that shineth more and more until the perfect day! It is yours alone not to be blasted by sickness, or nipped by the winter of adversity; and even in death you shall flourish like the palm-tree, and pass into eternity.—*M'Ewen.*

BEGIN RIGHT.—I know a man who is very rich now, though he was very poor when he was a boy. He said his father taught him never to play till all his work for the day was finished, and never to spend money until he had earned it. If he had but half an hour's work to do in a day, he was taught to do that the first thing, and to do it in half an hour. After this was done, he could play; and my young friends all know he could play with a great deal more pleasure, than he could if he had the thought of this unfinished work still on his mind. He says he early formed the habit of doing every thing in its season, and it soon became perfectly easy for him to do so. It is to this habit that he owes his present prosperity. I am very happy to add that he delights to do good with his riches.'

LETTER FROM LUTHER TO MELANCTHON.

'Say to the weak, be strong.'

'Grace and peace to you in Christ! My dear Philip, I am quite at a loss what to write to you, so much do the thoughts of your vain and sinful anxieties repel my attempts, and convince me that I speak to the deaf. This is owing to your trusting to yourself alone, and having no confidence in me or in others. I will declare the truth. I have been in greater straits than ever you will come into. I hope and pray that no man, not even our enemies, who now so rage against us, may be like me, or exposed to what I have been; and yet in those distresses my heart has often been relieved by the words of a brother: those of Pomeranus, of Jonas, or of yourself, and others. Why then do you not in your turn listen to us? We speak not according to the flesh and the world, but according to God, and doubtless under the guidance of his Holy Spirit. Though we be worthless, I pray you, let not Him who speaks by us be esteemed unworthy of regard. If it be false that God gave his own Son for us, then let the devil, or let any one, take my place; but if he really did so, then what means our care, our anxiety, our sadness, our trepidation? As if he who gave his son for us would not be with us in affairs of comparatively light moment! or as if Satan were stronger than he! In private conflicts (if my conflicts with Satan are to be called private,) I am weak, and you are strong. In public ones it is the very reverse. You despise your life, but tremble for our cause! On the contrary, in respect to the cause in which we are engaged, I am confident, and at my ease, being sure that it is righteous, and the cause of truth, and in fact of God and his Christ which has no need to tremble at the guilt of sin, as I a poor imperfect Christian have. I feel myself therefore almost a secure Spectator; and value not those fierce and threatning papists a rush. If we fall, Christ the Ruler of the world will fall with us; and if he falls, I choose rather to fall with Christ than stand with Cæsar. Nor are you at Augsburg the only persons who uphold this cause. Believe me, I am faithfully with you in groans and prayers. I wish I might be personally present, for certainly the cause belongs as much and more to me than any of you. Nor did I take it up through any rashness, or from the desire either of glory or of gain; as the Spirit himself is witness, and as facts have declared and will yet more widely declare. For Christ's sake, therefore, I beseech you, do not so neglect those divine promises and consolations. 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord; wait for the Lord; be strong, and he shall comfort thy heart.' The Psalms and Gospels are full of such passages. 'Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' Christ is the conqueror of the world. What, then, do we fear a vanquished enemy as if he were the victor? Such a sentence would be worth fetching from Rome or Jerusalem, though we had to creep all the way on our hands and knees for it. But plenty and familiarity make us hold things cheap. Faith is weak, but let us pray with the Apostles, 'Lord, increase our faith!' But I write in vain, since you, instructed by your philosophy, attempt to manage all these things by reason alone: you let reason lead you into folly, and vex yourself to death; never considering that the business is placed quite beyond your hand and your counsel, and will be conducted independently of your care. And Christ forbid that it should ever come into your hands! We should then come presently to a sudden, but forsooth a glorious end! But do not you meddle with things too high for you. The Lord Jesus preserve you, that your faith may not fail, but grow and conquer! Amen. I have prayed, do pray, and will pray for you; and I do not doubt that I am heard, for I feel that *Amen* in my heart. If what we desire does not come to pass, what is better will: for we look for a kingdom, when all things in this world have passed away.'

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'I hate those cares with which you are consumed. It is not the greatness of our cause, but the greatness of our unbelief that occasions them. The cause was more arduous in the times of Huss and many others. And, however great it may be, its author and conductor is great; for it is not ours. If we are wrong, let us recant; but if right, why do we make him a liar in his promises, who has bid us be of a composed and cheerful mind? It is your philosophy, not your theology, that disquiets you and your friend Joachim (Camerarius) who seems to suffer with you under the same disease. What worse can the devil do to us than kill us? As to the cause itself (whether it be insensibility or courage, I leave it to Christ to judge,) I feel little disquiet about it; nay, I have better hopes of it than I expected to entertain. If *we* are not worthy to support it, others will be. If the danger increases, I shall hardly be restrained from flying to you, that I may behold the formidable display of Satan's teeth.'

[From Knox's Christian Philosophy.]

DREAMERS.

Behold another dreamer, with a hoary head, lying down to rest, not on soft pillows, but on bags of gold. It is the miser; he dreams that the pale spectre of haggard poverty is pursuing hard after him; a cold sweat bedews his emaciated cheeks, and his teeth shake; but he is cheered again by dreaming of bargains, usurious contracts, or joining house to house, and laying field to field; of saving all he gains, of taking advantage of the wants of one, and the ignorance of another, to fill his enormous chest. And lo! it is now full. Is he happy? and does he use it? Does he enjoy it, for the purpose it was designed? Does he think of God the giver of all good things? Does he distribute it to the poor? No—his joy consists in telling it o'er and o'er, weighing it with shaking hands, and viewing it with a dim spectacled eye which can scarcely distinguish a counterfeit coin. At some future period, when he shall have completed a certain sum, he dreams that he shall build, plant, do good, and be whatever a man ought to be. But the sleep of death comes on before the dream of life is over, and he is gone. And lo! his heir thrusts him into the ground, with a face of affected grief, that can hardly hide his real joy. Down sinks the dreaming dotard, into the bosom of that earth to which his mind was prone; his very name rots with his emaciated body; and his spirit, all poor, naked, and beggarly, moans and bewails that he laid up no treasure in heaven; that, in his earthly visions, he never thought of his soul; never felt a desire for the riches of grace.

And now behold his heir. Possessed of wealth which he never knew the toil of earning, he becomes a man of pleasure; and he also dreameth a dream. The banquet is prepared. The wine giveth its color in the cup. The gaming-table is before him. Noise and riot drive away thought and care. The singing men and the singing women enter. Money is lavished on horses, dogs, sharpers, buffoons; and no debts regarded but those of false honor. His heart dances to the melody of the harp and the viol; he pampers every bodily sense, till pleasure itself is converted into pain or insensibility. He dreams on, and spon sees phantoms of pleasure, the ghosts of departed joys, dancing in mockery, before his eyes. His powers of perception decay, his youth and health are departed, and he droops like a hyacinth, broken down by a hasty shower, before it has expanded its beauty. Down he sinks to the earth, into an untimely grave, and mourns, as he retires from the shadowy scene, that a greediness of pleasure surfeited his senses, and robbed him, not only of longer life, but of real enjoyment during its continuance. What preparation did he make to relish the pleasures which flow at God's right hand; the pleasures of reason, the sweets of benevolence, all-pure, all-spiritual, as exquisite in the enjoyment, as exalted and durable in their nature? Alas! none. He had neither time nor inclination. His soul slept, while his body waked with a fever; the fine sensibilities of the spiritual nature were enveloped in slumber, while his bodily senses were unnaturally jaded, and prematurely worn out by constant vigilance and activity. He drank the cup of pleasure to the dregs, and the dregs were to his palate wormwood, and to his vitals poison.

[From the Christian Mirror.]

THE TWO FRIGATES.

I was once told a story, by a clergyman, who, I believe, had been a chaplain in the British navy, to this purport. An English frigate was in chase of a Spanish frigate of nearly equal force, and neared her very fast. The English captain had determined not to fire, until he was within pistol shot, and then give her a whole broad side and board her in the smoke. He was surprised to find no motion on board the Spanish ship, and though within pistol shot, delayed giving the word to fire, and no one knew what to make of a silence so unusual on board a Spanish frigate. One of the officers jumped into the nettings, which overlooked the other ship's deck, and informed his captain that the Spaniards were all at prayers. 'Then my lads' said the English captain 'do not fire a gun until they have done,' and backing his mizen-topsail, kept his ship in the same relative position to the other ship, until the Spaniards had done prayers, and then they went to it, killing each other like Christian heroes!! The fact is, no man, at least no brave man, *can* fire on an unresisting enemy, and had the Spaniards continued their prayers, the English ship would not have fired into her. This fact, if it be a fact—and I see no reason to doubt the principal circumstances, speaks volumes in favor of the pacific system, and is in accordance with all experience.

PHILANTHROPOS.

THE NEW DRESS.

'As I was lately sitting in the nursery of an old acquaintance, she exhibited to me a dress just completed for her infant. After I had duly admired it, the mother turned and displayed it to her child, exclaiming, 'Ann's new dress! Sweet little Ann's dress! Little Ann's pretty new dress!' while the little thing clapped her hands, and jumped and crowed, testifying, assuredly, her admiration of gay colors—if not the joy of her sex, in the prospect of becoming possesser of such a prize as a gay dress. I too, participated in the pleasure afforded by the animation of the little one; but as I turned my steps towards my own quiet, and perhaps at times lonely home—for I have no daughters to enliven my fireside—I fell into the following train of thought.

'The incident which I have this day witnessed, may exert an influence upon the character of this child, through time—perhaps through eternity. She will soon understand the language of the lip, although now she only comprehends that of the feature; and from both will she learn, that to her mother her dress is important. She will be arrayed in her new dress to visit grandmamma, and the pride of displaying it will supersede the gratification which arises from the indulgence of the affections of the heart. When her mamma has visitors, she will be told to be very good, as she is to wear her new dress to see the ladies; thus making propriety of deportment simply an appendage to dress; and connecting for life the idea of displaying herself, with the gratification of seeing her friends. The new dress will be prepared for the Sabbath, and the child will feel, that to display it, is the primary object for which she is taken to the house of God; and even upon her first entrance into the sanctuary, she may be taught a lesson of pride and vanity, rather than of humility and reverence. She must indeed have made an attainment which has been found too difficult for many, now no longer children, if she can bow with devotion, while within the temple, when the adorning of her person had been that which most occupied her heart until she entered the sacred door. Children are apt scholars in the school of vanity, and she will soon become as vain, as heartless, as fond of display, as the most sanguine mother could wish, were it her only object to infuse pride, vanity and the love of show into the heart of her child.

'But although such may be the effect of my friend's mode of education, such has not been her design; and when the long-cherished vanity of the daughter becomes too glaring, and visibly oversteps the rules of propriety and good breeding, I do not doubt the mother will be both surprised and grieved. She will wonder that one so young should attach so much importance to personal appearance, should think so much of dress; that a child so religiously educated should be so trifling on the Sabbath, so heartless in the sanctuary, so occupied in noticing the dress of others, so eager to display her own. She will feel it necessary solemnly to reprove her. She will say, 'Your personal appearance is of no consequence—your Creator looks at the heart, and it is impossible for you to render the homage of the heart, while all your feelings are absorbed by your personal decoration, such vanity degrades you, both as a rational and immortal being, and let me see no more of it.'

'My sisters which will most influence the heart—the early habits, or the casual precept? Which lesson has this child most thoroughly learned, and which will she longest remember. —*N. Y. Weekly Messenger.*

ARCHDEACON PALEY—In his chapter on drunkenness, lays down the very principle, which, when carried out, must result in the Total Abstinence Pledge. He says,—'Indefinite resolutions of abstemiousness are apt to yield to extraordinary occasions, and extraordinary occasions to occur perpetually; whereas, the stricter the rule is, the more tenacious we grow of it; and many a man will abstain rather than break his rule, who would not easily be brought to exercise the same mortification from higher motives.'

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CELEBRATION AT SCITUATE.

Mr Editor,—I attended a Sunday School celebration at Scituate a few weeks since, and not having seen it noticed in the Register, I send you a brief account of it.

The spot selected was a most beautiful grove. The fine, tall oaks as yet showed no sign of the approach of Autumn, but retained that lovely hue of green which one would witness during the reign of Spring. The trees of this delightful grove afforded a protection from the sun's rays, and also a lovely shade, for all who wished to avail themselves of the opportunity of listening to the interesting services on this occasion. The day was remarkably fine. All nature seemed in unison with happy hearts, smiling countenances, and cheerful voices. The beauty of the scenery around added much to the interest of the celebration. It was a most pleasing prospect to witness so many of both sexes and all ages, collected together to offer up their devotions to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. The only covering being the green and arching foliage and the broad canopy of heaven, and the only carpet, the green earth, rendered an additional interest to the performance.

There were present the children of three Sunday Schools, belonging to Mr May's, Mr Sewall's, and Mr Holbrook's respective societies. The services commenced with singing. Mr Sewall then offered a fervent and impressive prayer, prefaced by a brief and pertinent address exceedingly well adapted to the occasion. He addressed parents on the importance of cultivating in the minds of their children a love of nature, a love of the works of God. His remarks were full of interest, and were worthy of the gifted mind of their author.

Mr James G. Carter of Lancaster next rose and addressed the assembly. He commenced by observing that he should address three different classes who were then present, viz. Sunday school scholars and their teachers, and the friends of Sunday schools in general. He would have us recollect that he had had but one hour's notice, and consequently had no time to prepare an address; but his remarks were evidently listened to with much attention, and were well received. His style and manner showed how deeply interested he was in the education of children, and that he knew how to adapt his language to their capacities. A hymn was then sung. Afterward the services were closed with prayer by Mr Holbrook, minister of the Baptist society.

All present were invited to join in singing. And it was truly delightful to listen to the sweet voices of those young children as they were poured forth in praise to their Creator. Sunday school teachers with their scholars, and many others joined in their elevating strains. Four beautiful hymns were sung, including one at table. And I believe no one who had a heart to feel the soul-inspiring charms of music could listen unmoved to those charming infant voices, accompanied with and guided by those of mature age. The children appeared delighted, and as a natural consequence their parents and teachers were also. Indeed it was a most interesting spectacle, and I doubt not it will long be recollected by all who were present, as a sunny spot in the journey of life, which the memory loves to recall; and it will doubtless add a new interest to the studies of those children who belong to the Sabbath schools convened on the occasion.

After the services were over, a procession was formed, composed of the teachers with their scholars, who then repaired to the tables, which were profusely spread with a choice variety of cakes and fruit, beautifully decorated with flowers, reflecting much credit on the taste of the ladies, whose courtesy and generosity were likewise worthy of notice and admiration, as not a single spectator was omitted in the distribution of the refreshments, which as they were generously provided, so were they bountifully dispensed. I would not forget to mention another circumstance equally creditable to the ladies, that the only exhilarating beverage which the table afforded was pure water.

I can truly say, I know not when I have passed a few hours more pleasantly than at this rural spot. Such celebrations are becoming more frequent; and it argues well for the taste of the community. I hope the example of the good people of Scituate will be followed in the adjoining towns. It will give a new stimulus to the excellent work of Sabbath school instruction. Such festivals do much toward imparting fresh interest and energy to the teachers as well as to the scholars, and therefore should be encouraged by every lover of Sunday schools.

The institution of the Sunday school is becoming more and more what it ought to be. It probably has its imperfections; still they are trifling when compared to the amount of good which it effects. I fear that all those of us who are parents, are not duly aware of the infinite importance of religiously educating our children. We take due care to secure their bodies from every possible injury, and provide for them every temporal comfort that lies within our power. But alas for their spiritual culture! How sadly is that neglected! Christian education—the training them up for heaven, for immortality,—this should be the business of the parent, assisted by the Sunday school teacher.

Marshfield Oct. 7th. C. E. L.

A GOOD SPECULATION.—*Assembly's Board of the Presbyterian Church.*—By the Report of the Treasurer, it appears that the whole receipts of the Board for the year, ending May 1837, exclusive of a small balance in the Treasury, amounted to $29,715 73. Of this amount there was paid to 372 missionaries $17,709 63; and to the secretary, six agents, with incidental expenses, $10,548 33—or, nearly one third of the amount collected, was expended in the business of collections and distribution.—*Boston Recorder.*

'THE GOSPEL OF PEACE.'

That the Gospel inculcates as a leading doctrine, 'peace on earth; good will to man,' even the infidel will not deny, but that as preached and practised by nations claiming to be Christians, it has had the effect to promote these ends may well admit of a question. This, to be sure, is not the fault of the Gospel, but rather of those who, professing to be guided by its dictates, have 'strayed from the fold like lost sheep.' The quakers, so far as the peace principle is concerned, form almost the only consistent sect of Christians on the globe.

We have been led to make these remarks, from reading in the Madisonian, a paper published at the seat of government, a notice of the Sermon preached by Rev. Mr Slicer, chaplain of the House, on Sunday of last week. In the course of this sermon, speaking of the power of the Gospel upon the heart of man, he alluded to the striking illustration afforded by the Choctaw Indians. In quietness and submission they left the land of their fathers—the cherished spot, hallowed by all the recollections of nativity and of national feeling—and proceeded to the place of their destination, because the Gospel had taught them to smother revenge, and submit to the manifest will of Providence. On the other hand, the Seminoles, to whom the Gospel had not been carried, retained the wild and ungovernable spirit of revenge and hate which was never discountenanced in the savage state by any religious principle. A war which had cost the government nearly eleven millions of dollars had not yet subdued them.

If such be the power of the Gospel, under present circumstances, and under the multiplied wrongs which its professors have inflicted upon the aborigines of this country, what might it not have been, had its pure principles dictated all our intercourse with them? What might it not have been, had not an infernal thirst of gain mingled with all our thoughts and feelings, and swallowed up the better principles of the Christian heart?—*Boston Times.*

THE BLESSED EFFECTS OF THE BIBLE.

If the mass of a nation privileged with the Bible, have their portion at last with the unbelieving, it must not be forgotten, that there is in every age a remnant who trust in the Savior whom that Bible reveals. The blessings which result from the possession of the Scriptures are not to be computed from what appears on the surface of society. There is a quiet undercurrent of happiness, which is generally unobserved, but which greatly swells the amount of good to be traced to the Bible. You must go into families, and see how burdens are lightened, and afflictions mitigated, by the promises of holy writ. You must follow men into their retirements, and learn how they gather strength from the study of the sacred volume, for discharging the various duties of life. You must be with them in their struggles with poverty, and observe how contentment is engendered by the prospect of riches which cannot fade away. You must be with them on their death-beds, and mark how the gloom of the opening grave is scattered by the hope which is 'full of immortality.' And you must be with them, if indeed the spirit could be accompanied in its heavenly flight, as they enter the divine presence, and prove, by taking possession of the inheritance which the Bible offers to believers, that they 'have not followed a cunningly devised fable.' The sum of happiness conferred by revelation can never be known until God shall have laid open all secrets at the judgment. We must have access to the history of every individual, from his childhood up to his entering his everlasting rest, before we have the elements from which to compute what Christianity hath done for those who receive it into the heart. And if but one or two were gathered out from a people, as a result of conveying to that people the records of revelation, there would be, we may not doubt, such an amount of conferred benefits as would sufficiently prove the advantage of possessing the oracles of God.—*Rev. H. Melvill.*

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 14, 1837.

A CRUMB OF COMFORT FOR THE DESPONDENT PHILANTHROPIST.

A scene of a most delightful and interesting character lately caused the ancient city of Nismes to smile so that the angels in Heaven said one to another, behold! It will be remembered that this place is the heart of Protestantism in Southern France. The scholars of the various Christian Schools assembled in the magnificent ROMAN THEATRE which is admirably preserved in that town. It is computed that no less than ten thousand spectators were present, attracted by the novelty and beauty of the exhibition; which may convey a tolerably accurate idea of the immense concourse and splendor which attended the ancient spectacles of the combats of the Gladiators.

It is a glorious omen. A doubting generation seeketh after a sign, and lo! a sign is given.

Not many centuries shall have rolled over the earth, before, on every stained battle field, holy and innocent children, with those who, by a new-birth have become like them, shall pitch their peaceful tabernacles, and every arena which once echoed to the din of rude strife and boisterous and unholy games and songs, shall ring with glad hosannas and the mingled mirth of infancy ignorant of guile and its gloom, and of age redeemed from iniquity.

St Chrysostom most nobly said, *God is patient because eternal.* And hardly a day passes that we do not find occasion to turn over in our mind this sublime and much-illustrating aphorism.

If God waits in serene expectance, while the heavy and lumbering wheels of this far fallen world roll up to the new Jerusalem, surely we, backsliders and sluggish ourselves, can do no less than abstain from defaming and fighting with our own humanity because of its doggedness and haltings. One or two such cheering signs as that above related should stop our railings for half a century, at the least.

Jesus Christ too, not less bravely declared *My Father worketh and I work.* Put these two maxims side by side, and learn a lesson of calm patience from the one, and an example of earnest and confident forth-putting of heart and soul and mind and strength in the cause of truth and righteousness, from the other, and then, and not before, shall we be inspired and fitted for REFORMERS. Then our watch word will ever be, in apparent success and apparent failure, If the world be not regenerated to-day—what then?—nil desperandum—it may not be destroyed for these ten thousand years—for God is eternal—and yet my day's work will do its mite—not much to be regarded, to be sure, in view of mightier workers and of the vast labor to be done—but of infinite value to myself—for though my working day be transient as the tick of a clock, its consequences are to me eternal.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED, AND PERHAPS ANOTHER COMMITTED.

In a notice of the Installation of Rev. Mr Angier at Milton, which was given in the Register a few weeks ago, we were unintentionally guilty of a very great omission, and breach of courtesy.

And this is the more singular, in that we thereby overlooked one of the most substantial, important and delightful elements of a very pleasant and profitable occasion; and one too, to which it is our practice and principle always to do ample justice. All that remains for us to do, at this late period, is to make an humble apology to the fair saints who most considerately and bountifully administered to the physical necessities of the council by providing a delicate and sumptuous dinner; which was served in a hall decorated with remarkable taste, and on tables adorned with a profusion of flowers and fruits, and more appropriately crowned with the gifts of Flora than of Bacchus.

But our negligence has placed us—as all faults of carelessness usually do their perpetrators—in a very disagreeable predicament—viz. either to commit a *second breach of courtesy*, or to give publicity to a little compliment to ourself, which, we shrewdly surmise was sent by the way of delicately heaping coals of fire on our head.

We have debated, now for three weeks, what to do in this emergency; till we have been applied to five or six times, by a friend of the fair author of the complimentary epistle above alluded to, to be informed whether we did not intend to notice it, &c: and telling us that if we wanted precedents for an Editor's publishing communications *pro or con relating to himself*, he would refer us to Mr *Blank* of the —— &c &c—We told him that precedents, and especially such as he offered, would not weigh one hair with us, one way or the other, but promised to look over the matter a little longer, and to decide finally, this week. The result is before our readers, and all that we have to say is, that, if in their opinion, we have been guilty of an indiscretion, they will of course moderate their censure in view of the fact that we have given to the matter quite as *grave* and *protracted deliberation* as it demanded!!!

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—In the brief notice of the Installation of the Rev. Mr Angier over the First Congregational Parish in Milton, in your paper of the 16th. inst. nothing was said of the Right hand of Fellowship. Although all the exercises were of high order and uncommonly interesting, I think the part I have named was peculiarly so; and while I was conversing with a friend upon the subject, the following poetical abstract was handed me, which was taken from memory, by a Lady present on the occasion, and *you* will be able to judge how much of it is embraced in this hasty sketch.

The entertainment for the Council, was of so novel a character that I think it ought not to pass unnoticed, as it may perhaps serve for an example to other societies. The dinner was a voluntary offering from the ladies of the Parish, each furnishing her assigned part, and was a rich and bountiful repast, beautifully served up, and reflected much credit upon them, not only for the taste and skill, but for the cheerful manner in which every part was performed.

Yours, S.

Now, my once more a brother, and always my friend,
The same happy lot again falls to me,
To stand by thy side my assistance to lend,
Mid scenes which shall ne'er be forgotten by thee.
Thou comest not untried to thy labor of love,
Its trials and cares thou knowest are not few;
Yet, trusting for wisdom and strength from above,
This glorious work thou embracest anew.
Fathers, and brothers around thee are gathered,
Their counsel to give, their aid to impart.
O sweet is the work on which thou hast entered,
Sweet are the joys it shall bring to thy heart.
Again, now I proffer, this right hand, my brother,
That once lent its aid in that holiest rite
Which united thy heart and hope with another,
And shed o'er thy pathway a heavenly light.
Draw daily thyself at the well of salvation,
Till it spring in thy soul with life giving power,
Then lead forth thy flock beside its pure waters,
Bid them drink deep and be thirsty no more.

We had consigned the occasional article, of which the above professes to be an abstract, to *Our Odd Drawer*, from which it is now reluctantly drawn out, at the particular request of some of those good friends, who heard it, and also that the curious may compare it with the poetry, and see how faithful was our fair correspondent's memory, and how much they are indebted to her own lively imagination for whatever charms they may discover in her composition.

THE RIGHT HAND. (*In prose.*)

Although, my brother, the solemn duties of the connexion you are this day forming, are not new to you, yet I am sure that you feel their weight *more*, and are impressed with a *deeper*

concern in their anticipation, even than when all untried they first engaged your youthful ardor.

When a young man is newly inducted into the office of the Christian ministry, ignorant as he yet is, both of his capabilities and duties, there must of necessity be a tumultuous tide of mingled and confused emotions, swaying within his breast, which, let him have disciplined himself never so wisely, will operate to disturb his mind, and prevent a calm and just appreciation of what he is about to undertake. He feels indeed much,—man in no situation can feel more—but he knows not how to feel aright. His concern is deep: but it is not adequate. His petitions to Heaven are full of pleading earnestness—but it is his ignorance of the calls and emergencies of the future, and *ignorance* of his *wants*, which causes his heart and tongue to tremble. He grasps with eagerness the right hand which betokens the aid and sympathy of the churches, for he yearns above all things, for fraternal fellowship and strength: but he cannot realize aright the need and uses of brotherly cooperation and counsel, or foresee the difficulties which will test their value.

Such was once your case, my brother: but such is not your case today.

With feelings *clearer*, *calmer*, and more rational, yet no less intense and lively, you are deliberately binding yourself anew, in the solemn presence of God and the churches, to a connexion whose duties you *know*, and *can appreciate*; whose varied trials you have already undergone; whose multiplied satisfactions you have already tasted.

The past reveals to you the future. The unfolding registry of by-gone experience, presents a true outline of all the particulars of coming duty. You know *how to feel*; and *why* to be *concerned*; and *for what* to *pray*.

And I do not doubt, my brother, that, while as the organ of these assembled churches, with warm and undivided Christian brotherly kindness, I proffer this cordial Right Hand—I do believe, that you desire what it tokens, and value what it tokens, *far more* at this hour, than if you had never returned its pressure before.

And we, too, be assured, feel the difference between welcoming into our fellowship a *proved* and *tried* fellow-worker in the great cause of God's truth, and one who is such as we can approve and love, only in hope and promise. We hail the accession into this neighboring vineyard of our Lord, of a laborer, whose hands have been already hardened by the plough. We rejoice to assist in stationing at this watchtower in our Israel, a *watchman* whose voice has been already practised in sounding the cry of alarm to the slumbering conscience, and in prolonging the sweet tidings of forgiveness and peace to the penitent and contrite-hearted.

And, safely founding upon the past our confidence that you are well furnished and determined for your work—with more than wonted assurance of the fulfillment of the united and fervent benediction with which we set you forward in your way—our prayer, with the supplications of this affectionate and waiting people, ascends to Almighty God, that, as a *Husbandman*, the early and the latter rain, and the refreshing dews may drop down abundantly upon this field of your labor, and abundant fruits crown your harvest in Heaven and on earth—and that as a *Watchman*, the spirit of vigilance and faithfulness may abide within you, and the panoply of God clothe you about, so that all whom you are set to oversee and to defend, may be delivered, and your own soul saved.

And now, my second-time a Brother, and always my Friend—the churches and those present will bear with me I am sure, if before I relinquish this gratifying office, I yield expression, for one moment, to more private, but not inappropriate emotions, that come thronging to my lips at this hour.

Indeed, in the good providence of God, most singularly intimate and peculiar has been the connexion between this right hand and thine. In the holiest and the happiest events of your life, it has been my sacred and delightful office to stand by your side, to set the seal to sweet and solemn ties, and to invoke Heaven's best of blessings upon you and yours.

And now, though some of the connexions and relations to which I have helped to introduce you have changed, here is this same hand and this same heart, unchanged, to stay you up and to bless you still.

It is well, my brother—I feel it to be well, that the churches have thus selected a second time, the same humble instrument to administer this sign of love—for there is a holy emblem in it—and it is this—that although all things else may change, true Christian friendship, like our own, knoweth no variableness, and the pure *Fellowship of the Saints* not the shadow of turning forever.

GOVERNOR HINCKLEY'S VERSES ON THE DEATH OF HIS SECOND CONSORT.

On examining some old manuscripts in our possession, we found three in the handwriting of the celebrated *Thomas Prince*, pastor of the Old South Church, Boston, from 1718 to 1758, and author of the Chronology &c.

These Mss. descended to us from a Grandfather, Rev. Chandler Robbins D. D. minister of the first Church in Plymouth Mass, from 1766 to 1799, to whose wife, Jane Prince, neice of T. P., they were given by her Cousin Sarah, daughter of T. P. and wife of Moses Gill, a Lieutenant Governor of Mass.

It is well known that Thomas Prince was for more than fifty years indefatigably engaged in collecting books, pamphlets, and manuscripts relating to New England; and also that his invaluable collection, among which was the Ms. Journal of Gov. Winthrop from 1644 to 1649, was bequeathed by him at his decease to the Old South Church.

The Catalogues of the historical part of these books and tracts, in Mr Prince's handwriting, were found some years ago at the house of Moses Gill Esq. at Princeton, having been in the possession of the Lieutenant Governor of that name.—(N.B. for particular account of the Prince Books, see Mass. Hist. Col. Vol. 7, 2d series.)

We have felt it to be incumbent upon us to be explicit in stating the mode in which the three Mss. came into our hands, because it is matter of history that the Books, &c, of T. P. were deposited, at his order, in a room in the Steeple of the Old South Church, and that when this Church was used by the British troops for a Riding School, during the Revolutionary War, many of the Mss. were scattered or destroyed; and we felt some natural aversion to have a shade of suspicion darken any mind, that we had become enriched, even unwittingly and in never so small a degree, by the spoil of those desecrating hands.

One of these three Mss. of about two hundred pages, contains a *Journal of a voyage from New England to Berbados*, and thence to Great Britain, interspersed with Songs, &c, popular at the time, and giving a description of his visit at London, &c. &c. The Journal is kept with the greatest neatness and accuracy, having separate columns for the Latitude, Longitude, knots, half knots and courses of the vessel's suiling, Remarks, &c.

All that is stated concerning the object of the voyage is on the first page, which we here transcribe.

Me pullum patria, pelagi que extrema sequentem,
Fortuna omnipotens et ineluctabile fatum
His posuere locis *Virg. Æ. lib. 8.*
Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine cunctos
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui. *Ovid.*

On Tuesday evening, March 29, 1709, I went from Scarlet wharf in Boston on board the Thomas and Eliza of 450 ton, twenty four guns and forty men, Henry Sherburne command: riding near Hull: having on board Mr Eben Montforth as passenger and Mr Martin Bailey, our Surgeon: bound by God's grace for Berbados; in company with the Dolphin of 250 ton, sixteen guns, and twenty men, Nathaniel Green commander, and our good friend Mr John Russel, Surgeon.

At 4 P. M. sailed the Fleet for Berbados, consisting of eight ships, two Brigantines, and two Sloops; the ship America Convoy, of twenty four guns, &c: Wm. Bowditch command, Mr John Gore, Chaplain, and Wm. Russel Surgeon, &c. &c.

The Journal occupies from March 29. 1709, to Jan 30. 1711. We learn from other sources that T. P. graduated at Harvard in 1707. and was in Europe, from 1709 to 1717.

The second of the three MSS. is now lent.

The third MS contains a few original letters and other documents, among which we found the following Poem, which is curious and valuable, and of which we have not yet ascertained that there is any other copy extant—Although it is not improbable that there may be. It was written by Gov. Hinckley; and gives a fair specimen of the excellent character of the Mothers as well as of the Fathers of New England, together with a touching evidence of the high esteem in which the former were held by the latter; and also affords a very good illustration of the poetical taste and accomplishments of our ancestors, of blessed memory—who, by the way—are not like to be immortalized by their poetical effusions—but rather performed noble deeds for future bards to celebrate in song. The whole solid earth with its ribs of rocks and its mountain's roots is a prerequisite to the existence and support of the humblest flower that beautifies its surface and seems hardly to touch its soil, and so our Fathers' age of iron and of iron workers, is the substratum upon which alone poetry and the arts of peace can rest and flourish in the more luxurious and otiose age of their descendants.

Gov. H. was probably born in Scituate. He died A. D. 1706, Æt. 88.

On the death of his very dear, pious, virtuous, and praise-worthy consort, Mary Hinckly, who departed this life into a better, July 29, 1703, in the 73d year of her age,—who hath thereby cause to say,

Pity me, O my friends, and for me pray
To Him that can supply what's taken away.
My crown is fallen from my head, and wo
Wo unto me that I have sinned so
As to provoke the Lord to show such ire,
Which I deserve 'gainst me should burn like fire.
God righteous is in all that he hath done,
Yea, good in lending her to me so long;
A blessing rich, *forty-three years* and more;
Had I been wise to have improved such store
Of gifts and grace wherewith she was endued,
I might in grace have also much improved.
How prompt in heavenly discourse was she,
That to her own and others good might be;
Out of her store choice things both new and old,
Which she had read, or thought, or had been told.
How great my bond to God in thankfulness,
For such a gift, for all my worthlessness.
The *only child* her *gracious mother* bare,
Obtained of God as a return of prayer,
For which she with her friends employed a day
In private, and soon found it good to pray
Unto the God of nature and of grace,
Who thus approved their seeking of his face,
In forming this fair child to shew his praise;
Endowed with virtues in her early days,
Which grew and shined in young and riper age,
And to her Maker's praise did much engage
All those who knew her both of late and old;
And proved as diverse godly wise foretold.
She by her wisdom built the house, and by
Her prudent care kept all in such a way,
And in such order, so as nought might be
A let to worship in the family,
Or cause distraction on God's holy day.
Yea, both at *morn* and *even*, as was need,
She did in *household worship* always lead
Her family, while in her widow state,
And in my absence since she was my mate;
Whose good example may rebuke all those
Who slight this duty and themselves expose
Unto the wrath of God which hangs o'er all
Those families which on Him do not call.
To rise up *very early* was her way,
Enter her closet strait, to read and pray,
And then to call and raise her family.
And lived to see a blessing great upon
Her prayers, and prudent education
Of children such a number for the Lord,
Under his gracious covenant and word,
That now may say, 'I am, through grace divine,
Thy servant, Daughter, Son, of handmaid thine.'
She highly prized a *Gospel Ministry*,
For its support was an example high,
And while a widow, chose the Town should say
What was her part, lest self from right should sway,
And always gave more than her rate away
Yea, ever first would pay *that pious due*,
Then other debts, and on the residue
Would wisely live, and help the poor she knew.
Nor ever any want she found thereby,
And counselled her friends the like to try;
But if they would till last let *that* alone,
They would find nought to pay't, all would be gone:
Which some have tried, and found what she said true,
And so God was not robbed of his due.
As by God's grace she lived *piously*,
So by the same she lived *righteously*;
Chusing that she and hers might wrongs receive,
Than even the least to any others give;
Always a pattern of *sobriety*,
Meek, lowly, peaceful, prone to *charity*,
And freely given to hospitality,—
Behaved wisely in a perfect way,
Both in the brightest, and the darkest day.
She came in nothing short with count of many,
Of highest praise of tongue, or pen of any.
Great cause we have of pious thankfulness;
For that though sharpest pains did her distress,
For *six weeks* almost constantly, that she
Could take no rest, nor in the night nor day;
Yet God preserved her mind and senses clear,
With exercise of grace, that we could hear
Not the least murmuring or impatient word,
But meek submission to the sovereign Lord:
Full of heart-melting prayer, and savory words,
Which joy and wonderment to all afford,
Whose hearts were moved to leave their homes and see,
And help her in her great extremity.
Her last words were, *Come, dear Lord Jesus, come,*
And take me quickly to thy bosom home:
And in few minutes had her soul's desire,
With Him whom she did love with heart entire.
Death was no terror unto her nor fear,
No ghastliness did in her face appear;
But sweet composure in her life and death,
When her dear soul, she in her final breath,
Resigned to him whom she beheld in faith,
Whose own she was, and with him longed to be:
Where she is free from sin and misery;
Is entered into perfect, endless rest,
And with the blest above is ever blest.
So that we have no reason to repine,
But thankfully and humbly to resign,
To his most wise and righteous hand therein,
Nor mourn for her in plenitude of joy,
But for ourselves whom evils still annoy.
As a great loss to all, the wisest deem;
Then sure to me and mine a loss extream.
Now she has left the gap, is made a way
For evils to bare on us every day,
Which our iniquities deserved have,
Unless the Lord please, as I humbly crave,
To give repentance and remission free
Of all our sins, of mine especially:
My great defects in point of gratitude,
In prizing and improving such a good,
Which as a *second* miracle of grace,
After the *first*, who no less pious was
And lovely *consort*, both free gifts most rare,
And *both* in answer unto humble prayer.
As soon as I my will resigned so
To God, as to be free that he should do
As most for his own glory he should see;
Then did their several relatives agree
To say, they had opposed our match so long,
They neither dare nor would it more prolong;
Which was so far above all expectation,
As made us to admire the dispensation.
Yet that such wondrous works I could forget,
Does my offences greatly aggravate;
Which have so much dishonored his name,
As justly may me fill with grief and shame;
And Oh, that by his grace enabling me,
I may with hate, yea, self-abhorrency
Turn from all sin, and unto Jesus flee;
Whose meritorious and precious blood,
Can cleanse from sin and reconcile to God.
O may he be most highly prized by me,
And as most precious may embraced be.
May I to him eternally be joined,
And in him rest and satisfaction find;
By his good spirit's mighty energy,
My heart be purged from all impurity,
And filled with all grace and sanctity;
Awakened out of all my drowsy frames,
Raised up to lively, heavenly views and aims;
Ever composed, humble, watchful be,
Especially upon God's holy day,
And when I read, hear, meditate, and pray.
In holy duties never slighty be;
As if to approach the glorious majesty
Of God, a light or trifling thing it were;
But ever look and speak to him with fear;
May bring forth much good fruit in my last days,
Living and doing more unto his praise,
Gaining much profit by our Father's rod,
Who can make all, work our eternal good.
For all which mercies great, I beg the prayers
Of all who see these drops of aged tears,
That I and mine may by his mighty hand,
Be kept through faith unto salvation, and
That we may neither slack nor slothful be,
But follow her, and that blest company,
Who through their faith and patience now possess
The full completion of the promises,
That we may fitted be at death to say,
Lord Jesus, come and take us quick away,
To be with thee unto eternal aye!
Afflicted and distressed, but through rich, undeserved mercy not wholly forsaken,
T. Hinckley, Ætatis 85.

N. B. There was a copy taken from the first rude draught before corrected.

The lines are accompanied by the following curious sketch of family history, in the handwriting of T. P.

She was the only child of Mr Quarter-master Smith, by his first wife, formerly of ——, in Lancashire, in England, and afterward of Dorchester, in New England.

Her father had been a Quarter-master in the army in the Netherlands: her mother, a gentlewoman of a creditable family, and of eminent natural powers, piety, and acquired accomplishments.

Of them, this Mrs Hinckley was born in Lancashire, in England, in 1630. Her parents living under the ministry of the Rev. Mr Richard Mather, at Foxteth, in that shire, they came up, and brought her with them to Bristol, in order for N. E., in April, 1635. Young Mr Nathaniel, a son of the said Mr Mather being carried on one side a horse, in a pannier, and this young Mrs Mary on the other, as I have often heard her say.

May 28, 1635, she with her father and mother, the said Rev. Mr Richard Mather and wife, their sons Samuel and Nathaniel, Mr Jonathan Mitchel, then about 11 years of age, &c, set sail from Bristol. In the night, between Aug. 14 and 15, coming on the N. E. coast, there arose an extream hurricane, were in the utmost danger, and wondrously delivered. [See the account in the Life of the said Mr Richard Mather in the Magnalia,] and on Aug. 17, arrived at Boston.

Her father and others settling at Dorchester, and a new church gathered there, Aug. 23, 1636, the said Mr Richard Mather became their teacher, under whose ministry she lived, unless when sent to school at Boston, where she enjoyed Mr Wilson and Cotton's ministry.

In ——, she married to Mr Nathaniel Glover, a son of the Hon. John Glover, Esq., of said Dorchester, by whom she had Nathaniel and Ann; and then this husband dying, she remained a widow till ——, when she married the Hon. Thomas Hinckley, Esq., of Barnstable, whither she removed, and had by him, Mercy, Experience, John, Abigail, Thankfull, Ebenezer, and Reliance; who all grew up and married, and all but Ebenezer, before she died

At Barnstable, she to the day of her death, appeared and shone in the eyes of all, as the loveliest and brightest woman for beauty, knowledge, wisdom, majesty, accomplishments and graces, throughout the Colony; and there her son Nathaniel married to Hannah, a daughter of said Mr Hinckley, by his former wife.

Her said daughter Ann, married to Mr Wm. Rawson, a son of Mr Secretary Rawson, Secretary of the Massachusetts Colony. Her daughter Mercy, to Mr Samuel Prince, of Sandwich; Experience to Mr James Whippo, of Barnstable; her son John, to Mrs —— Trott, of Dorchester; her daughter Abigail, to the Rev. Mr Joseph Lord, 1st of Dorchester, in South Carolina, afterward of Chatham, on Cape Cod; Thankfull, to the Rev. Mr Experience Mayhew, of Martha's Vineyard; Reliance, to the Rev. Mr Nathaniel Stone, of Harwich; and after the decease of herself and husband, their son Ebenezer, to Mrs Stone, of Sudbury.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF PAUPERISM.

This Society held a meeting at the Odeon on Sunday evening last. The hall was crowded, and the services were of great interest.

Samuel A. Elliot, the Mayor, presided. Prayers were offered by Rev. Mr Rogers.

The Mayor briefly stated the objects of the association, and commended them to the regard of the meeting. An interesting report was then read by the Society's agent, Artemas Simonds.

The meeting was addressed with earnestness and ability, by Jonathan Philips, Rev. Messrs. Blagden, Ripley, Howe and Barnard, and Robert C. Waterston. A collection was taken.

This Society well deserves and needs the patronage and cooperation of every benevolent inhabitant of Boston.

It is destined, doubtless, to be *the* great engine for the fundamental relief of the Poor, and for the prevention of pauperism in our city.

The following gentlemen have been elected officers of the Society for this year. Hon. Samuel Dorr, President; Rev. Dr Tuckerman, Messrs. James Means, Nathan Gurney, and Moses Grant, Vice-Presidents; Isaac Means, Treasurer; E. Weston, Jr., Secretary; Messrs. James Boyd, George W. Blagden, Frederick T. Gray, Charles F. Barnard, Henry J. Bowditch, and William Howe, Directors; Rev. George F. Haskins, Corresponding Secretary.

Artemas Simonds has been reappointed Agent, and continues to hold his office in the rear of the Savings Bank, Tremont St.

The office is open from 9, A. M. to 1, P. M. and from 2, to 5 P. M.

Tickets referring applicants to his attention may be had at the office, at $1 per dozen.

We would earnestly recommend the more general purchase and use of these tickets.

A WORD FOR THE FRIENDS OF THE REGISTER AND OF OUR CAUSE.

It must have been observed by all who read our paper that the number of our contributors is very small indeed.

We do not mention this by way of complaint—Heaven forbid—for we know that most of the scribes of our denomination have enough, and that far more important, to do, without providing matter for our columns. And moreover, above all things in this world, that are not decidedly sinful—we abominate *scolding and dunning Editors*. What! those who profess and have undertaken to furnish readable matter, berate their employers, because forsooth, they dont supply parcels of the very commodity which they send—*or alas, our Proprietor says, do not send*—money to pay for!

Neither do we refer to this matter because we are put to it to fill up our columns—on the contrary, our *advertising customers* accuse us of unfair dealing with them every week.

We mention the thing only that we may say that it is not our choice, nor our fault, that there are no more original communications, and that there is no more variety in the Register. We do our best with what matter and time we can find. But should be extremely happy if the friends of our cause, in all quarters of our land, would use us as their instrument to make their parishes shake hands, and their souls kiss each other.

We have received a pamphlet entitled '*A New System of Paper Money*,' *by a citizen of Boston*, printed and Published by *I. R. Butts*, No. 2, School street.

INTELLIGENCE.

Prospect of War on our Frontier.—St. Louis, Saturday, Sept. 30. We have conversed with a gentleman just arrived in the city from Independence, Jackson county, Mo. We learn from him, that great excitement was prevailing among the citizens of that quarter, who were expecting an attack from the Osage Indians. They had sent several threatning messages to the frontier inhabitants and had already committed some depredations on their property; having stolen several hogs and cattle, and report says some negroes. Application had been made to the Governor for troops, and instructions had been issued by the Secretary of State, (the Governor being absent at the time the application was made) to General Lucas to raise instantly six hundred men from his division, which we believe, consists of Jackson, La Fayette and Van Buren counties. The militia of the several counties were to meet on Saturday last, to raise the number of troops ordered by the commander of the division. We are also informed that Gen. Atkinson had an interview with the Governor on this subject, and it is probable that the condition of affairs in that quarter will require the immediate personal attention of himself or Gen. Gaines. The Osages say they can bring one thousand warriors into the field, and that they have no fear of the consequences of the War. Our informant had not learnt the particular grievance of which they complain. We shall wait with anxiety for further intelligence.—*Republican.*

English papers to Sept. 4th have been received. The British manufacturing market was improving. The majority in Parliament, in favor of Reform was 38. The meeting of Parliament was expected to take place the second week in November.

We collect the following items.

Mr Stevenson, the United States Minister, and his lady, were at Ramsgate on the 29th of August, where they intended to pass a few days, for the benefit of sea-bathing.

The King and Queen of Belgium arrived at Windsor, on the evening of August 30th, on a visit to their neice Queen Victoria. The King of Wirtemburgh embarked for Hamburgh on the same day.

London and the surrounding country were visited by a tremendous thunder-storm on Saturday, the 26th of August, in which several persons were killed by lightning, at different places.

The Court Circular states that the Queen rides out daily on horseback, accompanied by all the lords and ladies of her court—with her mother at her right hand. Truly a 'goodlie companie,' and quite a novelty for the English, neither of their two preceding sovereigns having had any taste for horsemanship.

The fortune to which Miss Angela Burdett has succeded by the will of the Duchess of St. Albans, is only 1,800,000*l*—say nine millions of dollars. She has changed her name to Coutts.

It is stated in the London Globe that more than 14,000 persons are now in prison for debt, in England and Wales.

France.—There is no news of interest from France. —The newspaper were agitating the subject of a late attempt on the King, which proved to be a silly affair. A shoemaker in a group assembled to witness the passing of the King's carriage, let fall an old rusty unloaded pistol, whereupon the police seized him, and the circumstance was magnified into a treasonable attempt.

The dissolution of the Chambers, was still unsettled.

The peace with Algiers had produced quiet, and the markets were abundantly supplied with provisions at low prices.

The Baron Louis is dead. By this event the De Rigny family get an immense fortune.

Spain.—An express was received from Paris, with a telegraphic despatch dated Bayonne, Aug. 23 announcing the resignation of Spanish ministry. A royal decree dated the 18th gives the new cabinet as follows:

Espartero, president of the council; Don Pedro Chacon, minister of the war department *ad interim*, Bardaxi, of state, Vadillo, of the interior; Salvato, of justice; Pizarro, of finance; and Gen. San Miguel, of the navy, *ad interim* All except Senor Bardaxi, members of the Cortes.

The Carlists had evacuated Segovia, leaving their sick and wounded, and were moving towards the interior of Castile.

Madrid was tranquil. Don Carlos was in the environs of Camarillas on the 16th.

Portugal.—Advices to the 20th from Lisbon, had been received. The insurrection had neither prevailed nor been put down, nor had anything of importance taken place, except a partial change of ministry. Lisbon was tranquil.

The marquis of Saldanha, at the head of about 600 revolutionists, or charterists, was at Coimbra, his progress towards the Spanish frontiers having been checked by a battalion of ministeralists. The charterists still held Valencia, the beseiging forces not having been able to effect a breach for want of heavy artillery Viscount Sa da Bandeira, the prime minister, had returned to Oporto for the purpose of procuring cannon.

The Duke of Terceira had gone with about 500 persons, many of them of high distinction, to join Marshal Saldanha and the charterists.—Numerous desertions of the troops were also taking place, and the cause of the charterists seemed to be gaining ground.

Italy and Sicily.—Order was re-established in Messina and Syracuse, and in Palermo the most perfect tranquillity prevailed. The cholera had made its appearance in Sardinia. There was a report in Paris, that a ship under Sardinian colors, laden with munitions of war for Don Carlos, had been seized by order of the Sardinian government.

Cholera in Rome.—The cholera has actually reached the eternal city. Up to August 17th, there had been 132 cases and 53 deaths. At Naples, Malta, and Palermo, it had very much abated; but was raging in the interior of Sicily. The whole number of cases at Naples was 21,469; deaths, 13,573. At Palermo, out of a population of 180,000 inhabitants, 27,000 died in 25 days, and 1780 in one day.

Switzerland.—The Swiss papers of the 22d of August, are filled with accounts of a succession of violent storms, which laid waste ten districts of Switzerland during the first two weeks of the month of Aug. In some of them the harvest and vines were completly destroyed by hailstones: in others several buildings were set on fire by lightning; and torrents suddenly formed, occasioned dreadful inundations.

London, Aug. 30.—*Money Market.*—As commerce in all its branches is now daily becoming more animated, the demand for money has necessarily become greater than it has for some time past; but it has not as yet led to any advance in the rate of discount on mercantile bills, very large amounts of capital, which were withdrawn from the market at the time of the general pressure, and have been since accumulating, being still unemployed. The interest charged upon loans by the Bank of England is still five per cent., but as this is so wholly out of proportion to the current charge, there are scarcely any calls upon it. A reduction, however, it is thought, will immediately take place, and certainly nothing could be more favorable for such a step than the present position of that establishment. The stock of bullion in its coffers now amounts to nearly six millions—a sum which it has not possessed for a long period—and it is rapidly increasing. The augmentation during the month ending the 22d inst., was upwards of half a million; while the increase during the last half year is not far short of two millions. The precious metals are also arriving in this country, not only by almost every vessel from the United States, but from the continent, and the demands for it for exportation are extremely limited. Confidence is almost wholly restored; and so great have been the exertions on the part of the Americans to make consignments to the prostrate firms in this country—as we have always contended they would do—that it is confidently hoped they will soon be in a position to arrange with their creditors, and again commence active operations. This, indeed, would be an important feature, and we sincerely wish the expectations of their friends may be fully realized. Every thing, in fact, looks more cheerful, while at the same time there does not appear to be any inclination to enter into those extravagant speculations which led to so much mischief; so that the Bank can safely render that assistance to the commerce of the country which it is its duty to do by making its charges for loans as easy as prudence will admit.—*Morning Chronicle.*

*** The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association acknowledges the receipt of *forty three dollars* from the Ladies of Rev. Nathaniel Hall's Society in Dorchester, to constitute their Pastor a Life member of the Association.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

A meeting of the Sunday School Society will be held at the Swedenborgian Chapel, (Phillips Place,) on Sunday evening, the 15th inst. at 7 o'clock, when *Reports* from Sunday Schools and *Addresses* from several gentlemen are expected. The Directors of the Society respectfully invite the attendance of all who feel an interest in the objects of the Association.

Artemas Carter, *Rec. Sec.*

October 9, 1837.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. Dr. Parkman, Mr William Walkup, to Miss Mary Hamilton.

In Kennebunk Port, 3d inst Rev. Noah Hooper, of Woburn, to Miss Lucy, daughter of Andrew Walker, Esq.

In St. Louis, 12th ult, Mr D. A. McLachlan, formerly of Boston, to Miss Laura A. D., daughter of Alfred Skinner, Esq.

DEATHS.

In this city, Miss Jane, daughter of Mr C. P. Sumner, 17.

On Monday 9th inst. Mary Ann, youngest child of Jarvis and Esther Lothrop, 2 years 9 days.

On Thursday, Mrs Lydia, widow of Joseph Head, Esq 69

In Dorchester, on Sunday last, Mrs Louisa, wife of Mr Benj. F. Hathorne, and eldest daughter of Mr Nathaniel Clapp, 26.

In Brookline, 10th inst. Mrs Susannah R. wife of Mr Benj. B. Davis, 41.

In Hingham, on Monday, Quincy Thaxter, Esq 76.

In Salem, 9th inst, Capt. Jonathan Neal, 78.

In Haverhill, 6th inst. after a long and distressing illness, Mrs Sophronia, widow of the late Mr Francis Kendall, of Weston, 33.

In Pensacola, Florida, 11th ult. Mr James Edmund, youngest son of Mr Edmund Baker, of Dorchester, 28.

At his residence, in the vicinity of Frankfort, Ky. Hon. Isham Talbott, for many years a Senator in Congress, and one of the most eminent public men of the West.

Died in Natchez, 18th ult. of congestive fever, Theodore O. Thacher, second son of Judge Thacher, of Boston, 27.

The death of this young man will long be sincerely deplored, not only by his intimates of this vicinity, but by many who knew him well in other and distant circles. He was not a man for the multitude, but by those whose companion he has been through the joys and perplexities of years, he will be ever remembered as one, eminently gifted in all that makes sweet the intimacies of friendship. A friend he was, such as is not easily replaced—ever consistent, uncalculating, entirely devoid of selfishness—generous almost to a fault,—his health, his time, all that he had to give, were at the will of others. No man was ever more ready than the deceased to bear witness to the kindness of the people of this region to the stranger,—and to his friends abroad it will be some consolation to learn that in them he found his reward,—his dying bed was surrounded by those who truly loved him, and his departure accompanied by tears that followed him to the grave.—*Natchez Courier.*

THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW for September. Contents—War and Duelling—Miss Martineau on America—Our Political Errors—Military Academy at West Point—The Young Lady's Friend—Light and Vision—English Orthography—Theory of Interest—Poems of Grenville Mellen—Lockhart's Life of Scott—Miscellaneous Notices.
This day published, by
oct 14 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

COL. STONE ON ANIMAL MAGNETISM
This day received at the Literary Rooms.
WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.
oct 14 121 Washington street.

RETSCH'S SONG OF THE BELL. A few copies of this splendid series of etchings, received at the Literary Rooms, by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.
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MISS LESLIE'S PENCIL SKETCHES, 3d Series—Containing eight Stories.
PARLOR SCRAP BOOK, for 1838, with fourteen engravings. This day received at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington street.
oct 14 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—Noyes's Prophets, 3v
Emerson's Oration
Stone's Letter on Animal Magnetism
Ante James Version of New Testament
American Almanac for 1838
Bancroft's United States, vol 2d
Hoare on the Grape Vine—Pickwick Papers, vol 4
Dunglinson's Medical Student
Zebulon, by the author of 'Mammon'
Fielding, a Novel, 3 vols—Bacon's Poems
The Savings Bank—Pray's Poems
Grund's America, 2 vols—The Wife at Home
Scourge of the Ocean
Washington's Writings and Life, by Sparks
Lockhart's Scott, part 4—Cooper's England
Janet Hamilton—Thoughts by A. Grumbler
Channing's Letters to Clay, 6th edition
Rich Enough—Live and Let Live
Home, by Miss Sedgwick 10 edition. For sale by
JAS MUNROE & Co.
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LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, Vol 7, No. 2, containing Germany in 1831, British Fishes, Popes of Rome, Napoleon, Chevalier's Letters on America, &c. &c. $3 per year—the four Reviews $8. At the Literary Rooms.
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PERRY'S SPELLING BOOK.
THE ORTHOEPICAL GUIDE, or *Perry's Spelling Book*; revised and improved with the addition of Walker's Pronunciation, precisely applied on a new scheme; by Israel Alger.
One important advantage which this justly valued Spelling Book possesses over others is, that the pronunciation of each letter in every word is so plainly indicated by the peculiar plan adopted, that the pupil can understand at a glance, without the least mistake.
To this decided improvement, the attention of Teachers and School Committees is requested Published and for sale by S. G. SIMPKINS, Court street. Oct. 14

MISS LESLIE'S SKETCHES.—Pencil Sketches, or Outlines of Character and Manners: by Miss Leslie. 3d series. Just received by
JAMES MUNROE & CO.
Oct. 14 134, Washington street.

SPARKS'S AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY, vol. 8. Containing the Life of Jonathan Edwards, President of the College of New Jersey, by Samuel Miller, DD., and the Life of David Brainard, Missionary to the Indians, by William B. O. Peabody. Just published and for sale by
JAMES MUNROE & CO.
Oct. 14 134, Washington street.

NEW BOOKS.—Lamb's Prose works, 3 vols.; Lamb's Poetical works, 1 vol.;
Do Dramatic Poets, 2 do;
Mrs Jameson's Characteristics; Willis's Poems; Cooper's England and France;
Pickwick Club, 4 vols.; Whitney's Sermon.
Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa Address, &c. &c.
for sale by JAMES MUNROE & Co.
Oct 14 134, Washington street.

EDUCATION THE BUSINESS OF LIFE.—Two Discourses, preached in the Chapel of Harvard University, 16th July, 1837, by Henry Ware, Jr. Published by request. This day published by JAMES MUNROE & Co.
Oct. 14 134, Washington street.

MISS LESLIE'S PENCIL SKETCHES, third series, containing the Red Box; The Officers; The Old Farm House; That Gentleman; Constance Allerton; The Serenade; Alphousine; Chase Loring. This day received at the Literary Rooms.
Parlor Scrap Book for 1838, with fourteen plates.
Oct. 14 WEEKS, JORDAN & Co.

THE SAVINGS BANK AND OTHER STORIES; forming Part 4, of the 'Stories from Real Life,' this day published at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington street.
These Stories, of which four parts are already published, are designed to teach true independence and domestic economy. Part 1, Three Experiments; Part 2, Elinor Fulton; Part 3, The Harcourts—of which new editions are issued. Price of the whole, of 144 pages each, $1.
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NEW VOLUME OF SPARKS'S AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.—Containing the Life of Jonathan Edwards, by Samuel Miller, D.D. of the Theological Seminary, New Jersey, and the Life of David Brainerd, Missionary to the Indians, by William B. O. Peabody. This day published and for sale by
Oct. 14 WEEKS, JORDAN & Co.

LONDON & WESTMINSTER, Vol. 3; No. 2; containing 12 articles, among which are Gray's Works French Revolution, Life in the Penal Colonies, The Gentry School of Design, Spanish Question, Pickwick Papers, Lamb's Letters, &c. &c. At the Literary Rooms. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.
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LADY'S BOOK, for October—contains a plate of the Fashions—two pages of Music—twenty Original articles, by popular writers. Published at the Literary Rooms, 121 Washington street.
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DAVID'S WRITING FLUID.—Four cases of this excellent article, just received and for sale, to the trade and at retail, at the Literary Rooms.
oct 14 WEEKS, JORDAN & CO.

POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

LINES WRITTEN IN A BIBLE,

Purchased in Europe and brought home to a friend.

Twice in the day, the seaman's eye
Is turned towards the sun;
Then to his chart he doth apply,
To know what course to run.

Thus may we act the sailor's part
As o'er life's waves we're driven;
First look to God, then seek our chart
To learn the way to heaven. J. S. W.

And on another blank leaf of the same *Precious Book*, the following.

I've seen displayed in Europe's store,
Jewels and trinkets rare,
The brilliant gem, the costly ore—
I've left them shining there.

This, this, my choice, salvation's plan
Upon its pages see;
'Twas sent from heaven to dying man
I bring it home to thee. J. S. W.

From the New York Observer.

THE SONS OF GOD.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

'Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the Sons of God.'—1 John iii. 1.

So astonishing did this seem when one of the Malabrian converts was required by the Danish missionaries thus to translate this passage, that he shrunk from it, as far too bold. 'Let me rather render it,' said he, 'They shall be permitted to kiss his feet.'—*Notes to Cottage Bible.*

TO THE ANGELS.

And who are they that wear such name,
By whom your starry courts are trod;
Above yon minister's of flame,
And known as Sons of God?
Whose forms seem like to men below,
Whose anthems, sweeter than the rest,
Speak of some sad, mysterious wo,
Deliverance and rest;—
Who touch with warmer thrill, the string
Of warbling harps, and to their lyres
Unwonted love and gladness bring,
And far intenser fires—
Oh, who are they, whose lofty song
To hear, your hosts delay their own,—
That humblest bow of all your throng,
And nearest to the throne?

THE ANGEL'S REPLY.

These are from unknown tongues and climes,
And this their song of sweet degrees;
Hark! through wide Heaven, as one, its chimes
Peal, like the 'sound of seas.'
And their rich music truly tells
That each, whose feet with joy is shod,
Once lost, now found, forever dwells,
The reconciled with God.
From deepest depths of miry sin,
Pollution, and the dreadful curse,
Raised, and adorned without, within,
On thrones commanding us,
They sing of chastisement and grace;
And we, who never knew the rod,
Gaze not on the Redeemer's face,
As gaze these Sons of God!

THE ACCEPTED SACRIFICE.

'Give me thy heart.'

What shall we offer thee, thou God of love!
Thou who didst build the heavens and mould the earth;
Thou, who didst hang the sparkling stars above,
And call'dst from darkness light and beauty forth!
From all the treasures of the earth and sea,
What shall we offer thee?

Shall we present thee gold and glittering gems,
Such as might wreathe the brows of royalty;
Shall we pluck roses from their slender stems,
Such as in summer's graceful bowers may be;
And shall we lay them at thy holy feet,
An offering fair and meet?

Or shall we deck thy temple with the spoil
Of mighty cities, and rich palaces;
Strew flowers, fling on the altar wine and oil,
And pour around thee mingling melodies
Of lutes and voices in soft harmony,
Breathing up praise to thee?

Or shall we bring thee treasures of the field,
When the rich autumn fills her flowing horn;
The russet fruits the loaded branches yield—
The clustering grapes, the golden waving corn—
The flowers of summer—the sweet buds of spring—
Oh! which, which shall we bring?

There is a voice which saith: 'Oh dearer far
Than all the earthly treasures ye can give,
The pure aspirings of the spirit are,
When in the light of Truth it loves to live:'
Such be our offering at thy holy shrine—
Our hearts, our *hearts* be Thine!
Liverpool, England. M. A. B.

THE PELICAN ON THE SEA OF GALILEE.

BY MRS SIGOURNEY.

'A single pelican was floating there; and, like myself, he was alone.'—*Incidents of Travel in Egypt, &c. &c.*

Lone bird, amid yon sacred sea,
Dimpling with solitary crest,
The sleeping wave of Galilee,
Where shall thine oary foot find rest?

Hast thou a home, mid rock or reed,
Of this most desolate domain?
Where not one ibex dares to feed,
Nor Arab tent imprints the plain?

What know'st thou of Bethsaida's gate?
Or old Chorasin's desert bound?
What heed'st thou of Capernaum's fate,
Whose shapeless ruins throng around?

Once, when the tempest's wing was dark,
A sleeper rose and calm'd the sea,
And snatch'd from death the endanger'd bark:
This was the flood—but who was he?

He heard the surge impetuous roar,
And trod sublime its wildest crest;
Redeemer! was yon wat'ry floor
Thus by thy glorious feet imprest?

Oh! when each earthly hope and fear,
Each dreaded loss, each fancied gain,
Shall, to my swimming sight, appear
Like the lost cities of the plain,

Then may my soul, enslaved no more,
Launch boldly on my Savior's sea,
And part from time's receding shore,
Lone, peaceful pelican! like thee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The following spirited and graphic description of the far-famed siege of the Bastille is from Carlyle's history of the French Revolution, a book of which but one or two copies have yet been imported into this country, but which from the reception of Sartor Resartus, we may expect soon to see republished and popular here. We copy from the Westminster Review.

'All morning, since nine, there has been a cry every where: To the Bastille! Repeated 'deputations of citizens' have been here, passionate for arms; whom de Launay has got dismissed by soft speeches through portholes. Towards noon, Elector Thuriot de la Rosiere gains admittance; finds de Launay indisposed for surrender: nay disposed for blowing up the place rather. Thuriot mounts with him to the battlements; heaps of paving-stones, old iron and missiles lie piled; cannon all duly leveled; in every embrasure a cannon,—only drawn back a little! But outwards behold, O Thuriot, how the multitude flows on, welling through every street; tocsin furiously pealing, all drums beating the *generale*; the Suburb Saint-Antoine rolling hitherward wholly, as one man! Such vision (spectral yet real) thou, O, Thuriot, as from thy Mount of Vision, beholdest in this moment; prophetic of what other Phantasmagories, and loud-gibbering Spectral Realities, which thou yet beholdest not, but shalt! '*Que voulez-vous?*' said de Launay, turning pale at the sight, with an air of reproach, almost of menace. 'Monsieur,' said Thuriot, rising into the moral sublime, 'what mean *you?* Consider if I could not precipitate *both* of us from this height'—say only a hundred feet, exclusive of the walled ditch! Whereupon de Launay fell silent. Thuriot shows himself from some pinnacle, to comfort the multitude becoming suspicious, fremescent: then descends; departs with protest; with warning addressed also to the Invalides,—on whom, however, it produced but a mixed indistinct impression. The old heads are none of the clearest; besides, it is said, de Launay has been profuse of beverages (*prodigua des boissons.*) They think they will not fire,—if not fired on, if they can help it; but must, on the whole, be ruled considerably by circumstances.

'Wo to thee, de Launay, in such an hour, if thou canst not, taking some one firm decision, *rule* circumstances! Soft speeches will not serve; hard grape-shot is questionable; but hovering between the two is *unquestionable*. Ever wilder swells the tide of men: their infinite hum waxing ever louder, into imprecations, perhaps into crackle of stray musketry,—which latter, on walls nine feet thick, cannot do execution. The outer drawbridge has been lowered for Thuriot; new *deputation of citizens* (it is the third, and noisiest of all) penetrates that way into the inner court: soft speeches producing no clearance of these, de Launay gives fire; pulls up his drawbridge. A slight sputter;—which has *kindled* the too combustible chaos; made a roaring fire-chaos! Bursts forth Insurrection, at sight of its own blood (for there were deaths by that sputter of fire,) into endless rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execration:—and over head, from the fortress, let one great gun, with its grape-shot, go booming, to show what we *could* do. The Bastille is besieged!

'On, then, all Frenchmen that have hearts in their bodies! Roar with all your throats, of cartilage and metal, ye Sons of Liberty; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body or spirit; for it is the hour! Smite, thou Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old-soldier of the Regiment Dauphine; smite at that drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee! Never, over nave or felloe, did the axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man; down with it to Orcus; let the whole accursed Edifice sink thither, and Tyranny be swallowed up for ever! Mounted, some say on the roof of the guardroom, some 'on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall,' Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemere (also an old soldier) seconding him: the chain yields breaks; the huge drawbridge slams down, thundering (*avec fracas*). Glorious; and yet, alas, it is still but the outworks. The Eight grim Towers, with their Invalides' musketry, their paving-stones and cannon-mouths, still soar aloft intact;—ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner drawbridge with its *back* towards us; the Bastille is still to take!

To describe this siege of the Bastille (thought to be one of the most important in History) perhaps transcends the talent of mortals. Could one but, after infinite reading, get to understand so much as the plan of the building! But there is open esplanade, at the End of the Rue Saint-Antoine; there are such Forecourts, *Cour Avance, Cour de l'Orme*, arched Gateway (where Louis Tournay now fights;) then new drawbridges, dormant-bridges, rampart-bastions, and the grim Eight towers; a labyrinthic mass, high-frowning there, of all ages from twenty years to four hundred and twenty;—beleaguered, in this its last hour, as we said, by mere Chaos come again! Ordnance of all calibres; throats of all capacities; men of all plans, every man his own engineer: seldom since the war of Pigmies and Cranes was there seen so anomalous a thing. Half-pay Elie is home for a suit of regimentals; no one would heed him in colored clothes; half-pay Hulin is harranguing Gardes Francaises in the Place de Greqe! Frantic patriots pick up the grape-shots; bear them, still hot (or seeming so,) to the Hotel-de-Ville:—Paris, you perceive, is to be burnt! Elesselles is 'pale to the very lips,' for the roar of the multitude grows deep. Paris wholly has got to the acme of its frenzy; whirled, all ways by panic madness. At every street-barricade, there whirls simmering, a minor whirlpool,—strengthening the barricade, since God knows what is coming; and all minor whirlpools play distractedly into that grand Fire-Mahlstrom which is lashing round the Bastille.

And so it lashes and it roars. Cholat the wine-merchant has become an impromptu cannoneer. See Georget, of the marine service, fresh from Brest, ply the King of Siam's cannon. Singular (if we were not used to the like;) Georget lay, last night, taking his ease at his inn; the King of Siam's cannon also lay, knowing nothing of *him*, for a hundred years. Yet now, at the right instant, they have got together, and discourse eloquent music. For hearing what was toward, Georget sprang from the Brest Diligence, and ran. Gardes Francaises also will be here, with real artillery: were not the walls so thick!—Upwards from the Esplanade, horizontally from all neighboring roofs and windows, flashes one irregular deluge of musketry,—without effect. The Invalides lie flat, firing comparatively at their ease from behind stone; hardly through portholes, show the tip of a nose. We fall, shot; and make no impression!

Let conflagration rage; of whatsoever is combustible! Guard-rooms are burnt, invalides' rooms A distracted 'Peruke maker with two fiery torches,' is for burning 'the saltpetres of the Arsenal;'—had not a woman run screaming; had not a Patriot, with some tincture of Natural Philosopny, instantly struck the wine out of him (butt of musket on pit of stomach,) overturned barrels, aed stayed the devouring element. A young beautiful lady, seized escaping in these Outer Courts, and thought falsely to be de Launay's daughter, shall be burnt in de Launay's sight; she lies swooned on a paillasse: but again a Patriot, it is brave Aubin Bonnemere the old soldier, dashes in, and rescues her. Straw is burnt; three cartloads of it, hauled thither, go up in white smoke: almost to the choaking of Patriotism itself: so that Elie had, with singed brows, to drag back one cart; and Reole the 'gigantic haberdasher' another. Smoke as of Tophet; confusion as of Babel; noise as of the crack of Doom!

Blood flows; the aliment of new madness. The wounded are carried into houses of the Rue Cerisaie; the dying leave their last mandate not to yield till the accursed Stronghold fall. And yet, alas, how fall? The walls are so thick! Deputations, three in number, arrive from the Hotel-de-ville; Abbe Fauchet (who was one) can say, with what almost superhuman courage of benevolence. These wave their Town-flag in the arched Gateway: and stand, rolling their drum: but to no purpose. In such Crack of Doom, de Launay cannot hear them, dare not believe them; they return, with justified rage, the whew of lead still ringing in their ears. What to do? the Firemen are here, squirting with their fire-pumps on the Invalides' cannon, to wet the touchholes; they unfortunately cannot squirt so high; but produce only clouds of spray. Individuals of classical knowledge propose *catapults*. Santerre, the sonorous brewer of the suburb Saint-Antoine advises rather that the place be fired, by a 'mixture of phos phorus and oil of turpentine spouted up through forcing pumps;' O Spinola-Santerre, hast thou the mixtrue *ready?* Every man his own engineer! And still the fire-deluge abates not: even women are firing, and Turks; at least one woman (with her sweetheart,) and one Turk. Gardes Francaises have come; real cannon, real cannoneers. Usher Maillard is busy; half-pay Elie, half-pay Hulin rage in the midst of thousands.

How the great Bastille clock ticks (inaudible) in its Inner Court there, at its ease, hour after hour; as if nothing special, for it or the world, were passing! It tolled One when the firing began; and is now pointing towards Five, and still the firing slakes not.—Far down in their vaults, the seven prisoners hear muffled din as of earthquakes; their turnkeys answer vaguely.

Wo to thee, de Launay, with thy poor hundred Invalides! Broglie is distant, and his ears heavy; Benseval hears, but can send no help. One poor troop of Hussars has crept reconnoitering, cautiously along the quais, as far as the Pont Neuf. 'We are come to join you,' said the Captain, for the croud seems shoreless. A large-headed dwarfish individual, of smoke-bleared aspect, shambles forward, opening his blue lips, for there is sense in him, and croaks; 'Alight then, and give up your arms!' The Hussar Captain is too happy to be escorted to the barriers, and dismissed on parole. Who the squat individual was? Men answer, it is M. Marat, author of the excellent pacific *Avis au Peuple!* Great truly, O thou remarkable Dogleech, is this thy day of emergence and new-birth: and yet this same day come four years———but let the curtains of the future hang.

What shall de Launay do? One thing only de Launay could have done; what he said he would do. Fancy him sitting, from the first, with lighted taper, within arm's length of the powder-magazine; motionless, like old Roman Senator, or bronze Lamp-holder; coldly apprising Thuriot, and all men, by a slight motion of his eye, what his resolution was:—Harmless he sat there, while unharmed; but the King's fortress, meanwhile could, might, would, or should, in nowise, be surrendered, save to the King's Messenger: one old man's life is worthless, so be it lost with honor; but think ye brawling *canaille*, how will it be when a whole Bastille springs skyward!—In such statuesque, taper-holding attitude, one fancies de Launay might have left Thuriot, the red clerks of the Banzoche, Cure of Saint Stephen and all the tagrag-and-bobtail of the world, to work their will.

And yet, withal, he could not do it. Hast thou considered how each man's heart is so tremulously responsive to the hearts of all men; hast thou noted how omnipotent is the very sound of many men? How their shriek of indignation palsies the strong soul; their howl of contumely withers with unfelt pangs? The Ritter Cluck confessed that the ground-tone of the noblest passage, in one of his noblest Operas, was the voice of the populace he had heard at Vienna, crying to their Kaisor: Bread! Bread! Great is the combined voice of men; the utterance of their *instincts*, which are truer than their *thoughts*: it is the greatest a man encounters, among the scunds and shadows, which make up this World of Time. He who can resist that, has his footing somewhere *beyond* time. De Launay could not do it. Distracted, he hovers between two; hopes in the middle of despair; surrenders not his fortress; declares the he will blow it up, seizes torches to blow it up, and does not blow it. Unhappy old de Launay, it is the death-agony of thy Bastille and thee! Jail, jailoring, and jailor, all three, such as they may have been, must finish.

For four hours now has the World-Bedlam roared: call it the World-Chimæra, blowing fire! The poor Invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets; they have made a white flag of napkins; go beating the *chamade*, or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the Portcullis look weary of firing: disheartened in the fire-deluge; a porthole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone-ditch: plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of patriots,—he hovers perilous; such a dove towards such an arc! Deftly, thou shifty Usher; one man already fell, and lies smashed, far down there, against the masonry! Usher Maillard falls not: deftly, unerring he walks with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his porthole; the shifty Usher snatches it, and returns. Terms of surrender: pardon, immunity to all! Are they accepted?—'*Foi d'officier*, on the word of an officer,' answers half-pay Hulin,—or half-pay Elie, for men do not agree on it, 'they are!' Sinks the drawbridge.—Usher Maillard bolting it when down; rushes in the living deluge: the Bastille is fallen! *Victoire! La Bastille est prise!*

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.—The rage for distinction and notoriety is mischievous in society. It makes men discontented with their proper spheres of life, in which by nature and education, they are fitted to move with propriety, and puts them upon aspiring after stations far above themselves, the duties of which their abilities are not at all equal to fulfill. Hence the community lose a good member in one instance, and have a bad forced upon them in the other.

When a husbandman claimed kinship with Robert Grosthead, bishop of London, and thereupon requested from him an office, 'Cousin,' said the bishop, 'if your cart be broken, I'll mend it; if your plough be old, I'll give you a new one, and even seed to sow your land; but a husbandman I found you, and a husbandman I'll leave you.

The bishop thought it kinder to serve him *in* his way, than to take him *out* of his way.

VITALITY OF INSECTS.—'If the head of a mammiferous quadruped, or of a bird, is cut off, the consequences, of course, are fatal. But the most dreadful wounds that imagination can figure, or cruelty inflict, have scarcely any distructive influence on the vital functions of many of the inferior creatures. Leeuwenhoeck had a mite which lived eleven weeks, transfixed on a point for microscopical investigation. Vaillant caught a locust at the Cape of Good Hope, and after excavating the intestines, he filled the abdomen with cotton, and stuck a pin in the thorax, yet the feet and antennæ were in full play after the lapse of five months. In the beginning of November, Redi opened the skull of a land tortoise, and removed the entire brain. A fleshy integument was observed to form over the opening, and the animal lived six months. Spallanzani cut the heart out of three newts, (in Scotland called *asks*,) which immediately took to flight, leapt, swam, and executed their usual functions for 48 hours. A decapitated beetle will advance over a table, and recognize a precipice on approaching the edge. Redi cut off the head of a tortoise which survived 18 days. Col. Pringle decapitated several libellulæ, or dragon flies, one of which afterwards lived for four months, and another six; and, which seems rather odd, he could never keep them alive with their heads on, a few days. —*Ency. Brit. New Edition.*

AUTUMNAL WOODS

One of the first circumstances which strikes us in looking at the autumnal woods, is the grouping and contrast of the colors. On one side we look into a swamp covered with the red flowering and white maples; the trees are detached and highly furnished with branches, and there are no masses of foliage. But the leaves have caught the richest and most varied tints, so that as we look at the swamp enclosed by the dark hills of evergreens it seems like a gigantic flower garden, covered with the gaudiest plants of autumn. On another side we look at a more elevated meadow, decked with the scarlet foliage of the low whortleberry, and we might believe the earth to be spread with a carpet of the costliest dye. Before us, an eminence crowned with oaks, whose dark green foliage has not received the mysterious touch, lies like a black summer cloud against the sky. Beside it, a summit covered with the dense foliage of the maples, colored with every hue, rivals the golden clouds of the October sunset. In the farthest distance

'The mountains that enfold
In their wide sweep the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and in gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.'

It would be well if the hint were taken from nature, in the planting of trees and shrubberry, so as to effect the richest grouping and contrast,—if the delicate straw-colored foliage of the beech, were made to contrast with the dark evergreen; and the scarlet maple, with the silver-leaved abele or poplar; and the crimson leaves and berries of the sumach, relieved the green and white of the snowberry,—the same regard for autumnal beauty, would banish the horsechesnut and sycamore, and supply their places with the cleaner and richer beech and maples. It would place the moose-wood with its bright yellow leaves, and the sumach, and common whortleberry, with their scarlet and crimson foliage, among the most approved ornaments of our shrubberies.

Popular opinion attributes this change in the color of the foliage entirely to the frost. But the writers upon vegetable physiology, give another reason which we will attempt to explain. It is well known that the principal sustenance of plants, is the carbonic acid gas which they derive from the water which the roots imbibe. This gas is composed of carbon and oxygen. The effect of light upon the leaves of the plant, is to separate the oxygen which is in the carbonic acid. During the day therefore, the oxygen is constantly passing off, the carbon being left in the leaf. The carbon is of a dark blue color, and combining with the yellow tissue of the leaf, gives its green color. Oxygen is also received into the plant directly, as well as in combination with the carbon. But the oxygen can only escape by day: when therefore the nights grow longer than the days, the leaves receive more oxygen than they can discharge. The superabundance of the oxygen destroys the green coloring of the carbon and dyes the leaf with other various hues. The fact that oxygen gives various colors to the metals, adds probability to this theory. It is probable that the frost has some influence as well as the length of the nights, by closing the pores of the leaf and thus preventing the escape of the oxygen.

This beautiful coloring of the foliage is peculiar to the American forests. Foreigners think it the most striking circumstance in our scenery. This is probably owing to the greater purity of our climate, on which account a greater supply of oxygen is furnished; and to the suddenness of the frosts by which the escape of the oxygen is prevented. The hues are more beautiful in some seasons than in others, and more varied in the interior than on the seaboard, which is owing to the difference of climate.

From the character of the woods in this vicinity, we are not favored with that rich display which may be seen where the maples and beeches principally constitute the forest. It would be an object to reside upon the Connecticut river, or in Vermont, if for no other reason than to enjoy the splendid spectacle of those noble rounded hills, clad to their summits, with trees of every hue. As our hills are covered generally with oak or evergreens, the principal display of colors is to be seen in low grounds.

But in every part of our country, there is enough of beauty to make this season, to those who will go abroad and enjoy it, the most cheerful period in the year. Autumn is not with us the melancholy season which the English poets have described. Every thing here is glad and joyous. The air is pure, and the sky unclouded, except by those golden masses which give glory to the setting sun. The birds returning from their northern summer haunts, stop awhile in the fields and gardens to bid us adieu; and the leaves of the forest, though soon to fall, instead of wearing the saddened habiliments of decay, like the dolphin, give token of their coming death, by putting on their gayest and brightest tints.—*Portsmouth Journal.* J.

AN INCIDENT IN NEW YORK.—Last Sabbath, as the bells were ringing for the afternoon service, a singular procession was seen passing Union Square. A female, with the coffin of a child apparently three or four years old on her head, with a little girl carrying a wooden cross painted white, with black spots, by her side, led the procession. Six men followed, next five little children, and last, fifteen or twenty women, dressed with large white caps without bonnets. With a very rapid step, thus led, a white cloth being thrown across the coffin, this singular procession moved to the burial of their dead in a strange land.

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